

T H E  
B R I T I S H P O E T S .

V O L . XX.

E D I N B U R G H :

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,  
and J. BALFOUR:

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M, DCC, LXXIII:

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THE  
P O E T I C A L  
W O R K S

O F

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOLUME II.

E D I N B U R G H:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,  
and J. BALFOUR.

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M, DCC, LXXIII.



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ADVERTISEMENT

# TRANSLATIONS

AND

# IMITATIONS.

VOL. II.

A

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following translations were selected from many others, done by the author in his youth, for the most part indeed but a sort of *exercises*, while he was improving himself in the languages, and carried, by his early bent to *poetry*, to perform them rather in verse than prose. Mr *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterwards collected in the quarto edition of 1717. The *imitations of English authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years'old; but, having also got into miscellanies, we have put them here together, to compleat these two juvenile volumes.

THE

ADVERTISEMENT  
TEMPLE

OF

FAMOUS

Written in the Year M,DCC,XI.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions, and most of the particular thoughts, my own: Yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader, who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title.



I Call forth the greates, and the king how  
 When op'ning buds salute the sun  
 And earth relenting feels the sun's  
 As bawmy sleep had charm'd my care to rest  
 And love itself was danc'd from my breast  
 (What time the moon mysterious visions brings  
 While quiet numbers spread their golden wings)  
 A train of phantoms in wild order rose,  
 And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.  
 I stood, methought, betwixt earth, heav'n, and skies,  
 The whole creation open to my eyes:  
 In air self-balance'd hung the globe below,  
 Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow,  
 Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,  
 There tow'ry cities, and the forests green,  
 Here falling firs delight the wand'ring eyes,  
 There trees, and intermingled temples rise.



# THE TEMPLE

THE first of the following piece was taken from  
Chaucer's House of Fame. The design is in a manner  
entirely altered, the descriptions, and most of the par-  
ticulars, are my own: Yet I could not suffer it to be  
printed without this acknowledgment to the reader,  
who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin  
with his book of Fame, there being nothing in  
the two that exceeds the other.

**I**N that soft season, when descending show'rs  
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;  
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,  
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;  
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,  
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,  
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings,  
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings),  
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,  
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;  
The whole creation open to my eyes:  
In air self-balance'd hung the globe below,  
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;  
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen,  
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green:  
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;  
There trees, and intermingled temples rise;

Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;  
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays.  
 O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,  
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,  
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,  
 Or billows murmur'ing on the hollow shore:  
 Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,  
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.  
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,  
 Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;  
 The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,  
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.  
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,  
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;  
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,  
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.  
 Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of wits renown'd:  
 I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.  
 Critics I saw, that other names deface,  
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place:  
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,  
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.  
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,  
 But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;  
 For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays  
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.  
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,  
 Like chrystal faithful to the graving steel:  
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,  
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade,  
 Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,  
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;

These ever new, nor subject to decays,  
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks, (the beauteous work of frost),  
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;  
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,  
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;  
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,  
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;  
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,  
The gather'd winter of a thousand years;  
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;  
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.  
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,  
Or elder Babylon its frame excell'd.  
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face  
Of various structure, but of equal grace:  
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,  
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.  
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,  
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn;  
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;  
The walls in venerable order grace:  
Heroes in animated marble frown,  
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd  
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd;  
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,  
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.  
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,  
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield;  
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,  
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:

Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound  
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around  
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre  
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!  
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,  
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall:  
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,  
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend  
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,  
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,  
 With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold;  
 There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,  
 And the great founder of the Persian name:  
 There in long robes the royal Magi stand;  
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand;  
 The sage Chaldeans, rob'd in white appear'd,  
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.  
 These stop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbod'y'd shades  
 To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;  
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,  
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes:  
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,  
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.  
 Superior and alone, Confucius stood,  
 Who taught that useful science, to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race  
 Of Egypt's priests, the gilded niches grace,  
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,  
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.  
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,  
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew:



His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;  
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.

Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,  
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,  
O'er-wrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.

There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,  
And Runic characters were grav'd around.

There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,  
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.

There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,  
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,

Druids and bards, (their once loud harps unstrung),  
And youths that dy'd to be by poets sung.

These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,  
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,

In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face;  
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,

Which o'er each object casting various dyes,  
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:

Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,  
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the founding gates unfold,  
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:

Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around  
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd!

Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,  
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:

As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,  
And ever-dying lamps depend in rows.

Full in the passage of each spacious gate,  
The sage historians in white garments wait;



Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found;  
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.  
 Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms,  
 In bloody fields purst d' renown in arms.  
 High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd  
 The youth that all things but himself subdu'd;  
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,  
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan god.  
 There Caesar, grac'd with both Minerva's, shone;  
 Caesar, the world's great master, and his own;  
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,  
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.  
 But chief were those, who not for empire fought,  
 But with their toils their people's safety bought:  
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;  
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;  
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;  
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;  
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind  
 With boundless pow'r, unbounded virtue join'd,  
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,  
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,  
 Fair Virtue's silent train: Supreme of these  
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:  
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,  
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell.  
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,  
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names;  
 Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore;  
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,  
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire :  
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,  
Hold the chief honours, and the sane command,  
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone ;  
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne ;  
Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,  
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ;  
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;  
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.  
The wars of Troy were round the Pillar seen :  
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen ;  
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,  
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.  
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,  
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;  
A strong expression most he seem'd to affect,  
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.  
A golden column next in rank appear'd,  
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;  
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,  
With patient touches of unwearied art :  
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sat,  
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate ;  
On Homer still he fix'd a reverend eye,  
Great without pride, in modest majesty.  
In living sculpture on the sides were spread  
The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;  
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre,  
Æneas bending with his aged fire :  
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne  
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,  
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight;  
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,  
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God,  
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,  
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.  
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,  
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.  
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;  
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;  
 The champions in distorted postures threat;  
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre  
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:  
 Pleas'd with Alcaeus' manly rage t' infuse  
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.  
 The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;  
 A work out-lasting monumental brass.  
 Here smiling loves and Bacchanals appear,  
 The Julian star, and great Augustus here.  
 The doves, that round the infant poet spread  
 Myrtles and bays, hung hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,  
 Sat fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite:  
 His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,  
 And various animals his sides surround;  
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view  
 Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone,  
 The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:  
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand  
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.

Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crown,  
And the great Father of his country owns

These massy columns in a circle rise,  
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies;

Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,  
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height;

Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat  
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;

The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye;  
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye;

Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,  
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.

With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,  
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;

The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,  
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.

When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,  
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;

But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,  
'Till to the roof her tow'ring form she rais'd.

With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,  
And ampler vista's open'd to my view:

Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,  
And arches widen, and long isles extend.

Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,  
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet unfold;

A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,  
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.

Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine  
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the string:

With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing:  
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;



With time's first birth began the heav'nly days,  
 And last, eternal, thro' the length of days.  
 Around these wonders as I cast a look,  
 The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,  
 And all the nations, summon'd at the call,  
 From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:  
 Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;  
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;  
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew  
 Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,  
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,  
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,  
 Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,  
 And a low murmur runs along the field.  
 Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,  
 And all degrees before the Goddess bend;  
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,  
 And boasting youth, and narrative old-age.  
 Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:  
 For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.  
 Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;  
 Unlike successes equal merits found.  
 Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,  
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.  
 First at the shrine the Learned world appear,  
 And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r:  
 Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,  
 With studies pale, with mid-night vigils blind;  
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,  
 We here appeal to thy superior throne:  
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,  
 For Fame is all we must expect below.



The Goddeſſes heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe  
The golden trumpet of eternal Praise:  
From pole to pole the winds diſſuſe the ſound,  
That fills the circuit of the world around;  
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;  
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:  
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,  
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.  
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,  
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread;  
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,  
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next theſe, the good and juſt, an awful train,  
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane:  
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,  
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,  
Do thou, juſt Goddeſſes, call our merits forth,  
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.  
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd  
(Said Fame) but high above deſert renown'd:  
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,  
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.

This band diſmiſs'd, behold another crowd  
Preſer the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;  
The conſtant tenour of whoſe well-ſpent days  
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.  
But ſtrait the direful trump of Slander ſounds;  
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;  
Loud as the buſt of cannon rends the ſkies,  
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies,  
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rang,  
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.

From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke  
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :  
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,  
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,  
And proud defiance in their looks they bore :  
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,  
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life :

For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,  
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.

Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,

What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.

Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)

Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd ;

There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,

Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown !

A sudden cloud strait snatch'd them from my sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen ;

Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien :

Great Idol of mankind ! we neither claim

The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame !

But safe in desert, from th' applause of men,

Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight

Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.

O let us still the secret joy partake,

To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake.

And live there men, who slight immortal fame ?

Who then with incense shall adore our name ?

But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride

To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.

Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath,  
 These must not sleep in darkness and in death.  
 She said: In air the trembling music floats,  
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes:  
 So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,  
 Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:  
 To furthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies,  
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their vows express'd,  
 With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:  
 Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see  
 The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;  
 Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,  
 Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;  
 Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care  
 To pay due visits, and address the Fair:  
 In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,  
 But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;  
 Of unknown Dutcheßes lewd tales we tell,  
 Yet, would the world believe us, all were well,  
 The joy let others have, and we the name,  
 And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,  
 And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers press  
 Around the shrine, and make the same request:  
 What you (the cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,  
 Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,  
 Who lose a length of undeserving days,  
 Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?  
 To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,  
 The people's sables, and the scorn of all.

Strait the black clarion sends a horrid sound,  
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,  
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,  
And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,  
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;  
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd  
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;  
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,  
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;  
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,  
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.  
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,  
With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire.  
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,  
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown,  
Strait chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the  
throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,  
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;  
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;  
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;  
Not less in number were the spacious doors,  
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;  
Which still unfolded flane, by night, by day,  
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.  
As flames by nature to the flames ascend,  
As weighty bodies to the center tend,  
As to the sea returning rivers roll,  
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;



Hither, as to their proper place, arise  
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,  
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;  
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.  
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes  
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes;  
 The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,  
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third;  
 Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,  
 Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:  
 Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,  
 On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;  
 Another ambient circle then they move;  
 That, in its turn, impels the next above;  
 Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,  
 And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,  
 Of peace and war, health, sickness, death and life,  
 Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,  
 Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,  
 Of prodigies, and portents, seen in air,  
 Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,  
 Of turns of Fortune, changes in the state,  
 The falls of fay'rites, projects of the great,  
 Of old mismanagements, taxations new,  
 All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around  
 Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,  
 Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;  
 Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day;  
 Astrologers, that future fates foretew,  
 Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;



And priests, and party-sealots, num'rous bands  
 With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;  
 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,  
 And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.  
 The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,  
 Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;  
 And all who told it added something new,  
 And all who heard it, made enlargements too,  
 In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew,  
 Thus flying east and west, and north and south,  
 News travel'd with increase from month to month,  
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,  
 With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;  
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,  
 And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lyes are to perfection sprung,  
 Full grown and fit to grace a mortal tongue,  
 Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,  
 And rush in millions on the world below.  
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,  
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force;  
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon;  
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.  
 Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,  
 Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey  
 A lye and truth contending for the way;  
 And long issues doubtful, both so closely pent,  
 Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent;  
 At last agreed, together out they fly,  
 Inseparable now, the truth and lye;

The strict companions are for ever join'd,  
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,  
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:  
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?  
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,  
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?  
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,  
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.  
How vain that second life in others breath,  
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!  
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,

(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)  
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,  
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;

All luckless wits their enemies protest,  
And all successful, jealous friends at best.

Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;  
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

But if the purchase costs so dear a price  
As soothing Polly, or exalting Vice:

Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,  
And follow still where fortune leads the way;

Or if no basis bear my rising name,  
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;

Then teach me, heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,  
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;  
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

JANUARY AND MAY

THE

MERCHANTS' TALE

FROM

CHAUCE

JANUARY AND MAY;

OR, THE

MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM

CHAUCE R.

B 4

J A N U A R Y

J A N U A R Y

M A Y

THERE is in Lombardy, as Authors write  
In days of old, a wife and worthy knight  
Of gentle manners, as of gentle race,  
Bliss with much love, more riches, and some grace  
I seeked alway by Venus' soft delights  
His scarce could taste some little joys  
Not long ago, her friends to him could  
Weak sinful lusts were his and blood  
But in due time, when he was old  
The now to lead this virtuous life more  
Whether pure holiness in his mind  
Or courage turn'd his brain, is hard to find  
But his high courage quick'd him forth to wed,  
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.  
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,  
And to the heav'nly pow'r his constant pray'r  
Once ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life  
Of a kind husband and a loving wife  
These thoughts he furnish'd with reasons still  
(For none want reasons to confirm their will)  
Gave authors say, and witty poets sing  
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing



J A N U A R Y

A N D

M A Y.

**T**HERE liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write,  
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;  
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,  
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace.  
Yet, led astray by Venus' soft delights,  
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:  
For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd,  
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.

But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,  
He vow'd to lead this vitious life no more;  
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,  
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;  
But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,  
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.  
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,  
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,  
Once ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful life  
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.

These thoughts he fortified with reasons still,  
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)  
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,  
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:

But depth of judgment most in him appears,  
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years.  
 Then let him chuse a damsel young and fair,  
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;  
 To sooth his cares, and free from noise and strife,  
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life.  
 Let sinful batchelors their woes deplore,  
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more:  
 Unaw'd by precepts human or divine,  
 Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join;  
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,  
 To hope the future, or esteem the past:  
 But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,  
 And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.  
 The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,  
 Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;  
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,  
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day:  
 Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,  
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.  
 But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?  
 Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.  
 With matchless impudence they style a wife  
 The dear-bought curse, and lawfull plagues of life;  
 A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil;  
 A night-invasion, and a mid-day devil:  
 Let not the wife these stand'rous words regard,  
 But curse the bones of every lying bard;  
 All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n;  
 A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n:  
 Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,  
 Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;

One solid comfort, our eternal wife,  
Abundantly supplies us all our life:  
This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)  
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandfire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,  
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unblest'd,  
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,  
And wander'd in the solitary shade:  
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd  
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.

A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he  
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?  
Would men but follow what the sex advise,  
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.

'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won  
His father's blessing from an elder son:  
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life  
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:

Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,  
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:

At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword  
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.

These weighty motives, January the sage  
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;

And, charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,  
Would try that christian comfort, call'd a wife.

His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,  
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;  
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;  
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

My friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful look  
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke:)

Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,  
 And worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;  
 How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,  
 In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;  
 But gracious heav'n has op'd my eyes at last,  
 With due regret I view my vices past,  
 And, as the precept of the Church decrees,  
 Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.  
 But since by counsel all things should be done,  
 And many heads are wiser still than one;  
 Chuse you for me, who best shall be content  
 When my desire's approv'd by your consent.

One caution yet is needful to be told,  
 To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:  
 'There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said;  
 Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.  
 My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace  
 Of a stale virgin with a winter face:  
 In that cold season Love but treats his guest  
 With bean-straw, and tough forage at the best.  
 No crafty widow shall approach my bed;  
 Those are too wise for bachelors to wed;  
 As subtle clerks by many schools are made,  
 Twice-marry'd dames are mistresses of the trade.  
 But young and tender virgins, milt'd with ease,  
 We form like wax, and mould them as we please.  
 Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;  
 'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss:  
 Since, if I found no pleasure in my spouse,  
 As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?  
 Then should I live in lewd adultery,  
 And sink downright to Satan when I die.



O were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,  
The righteous end were lost for which I wed:  
To raise up, need to bliss the powers above,  
And not for pleasure only, or for love.  
Think not I doat; 'tis time to take a wife,  
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life:  
Those that are bless'd with store of grace divine,  
May live like saints, by heav'n's consent and mine.

And since I speak of wedlock, let me say,  
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may),  
My limbs are active, still I'm found at heart,  
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.  
Think not my virtue lost, though time has shed  
These reverend honours on my hoary head;  
Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,  
The vital sap then rising from below:  
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear  
Like winter-greens, that flourish all the year.  
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,  
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in different parts divide;  
The knotty point was urg'd on either side:  
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd;  
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.  
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,  
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,  
There fell between his brothers a debate,  
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus began,  
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone),  
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,  
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!

Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,  
To work by counsel, when affairs are nice :  
But, with the wiseman's leave, I must protest,  
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,  
As I still hold your old advice the best.

Sir, I have liv'd a courtier all my days,  
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways ;  
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,  
To let my betters always have their will.  
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,  
My word was this, Your Honour's in the right,  
Th' assuming wit, who deems himself so wise,  
As his mistaken patron to advise,  
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought ;  
A noble fool was never in a fault.  
This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word  
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a lord :  
Your will is mine ; and is, (I will maintain),  
Pleasing to God, and should be so to man ;  
At least, your courage all the world must praise,  
Who dare to wed in your declining days.  
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,  
And let grey fools be indolently good,  
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,  
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence.

Justin, who silent sat, and heard the man,  
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began.

A heathen author of the first degree,  
(Who, though not faith, had sense as well as we),  
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust  
To those of gen'rous principles, and just.

The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,  
 To give your person, than your goods away :  
 And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,  
 First learn your lady's qualities at least :  
 Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil,  
 Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil ;  
 Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,  
 Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.  
 'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find  
 In all this world, much less in woman-kind ;  
 But, if her virtues prove the larger share,  
 Bless the kind fates, and thank your fortune rare.  
 Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,  
 Who knows too well the state you thus commend ;  
 And, spite of all his praises, must declare,  
 All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.  
 Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,  
 And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear ;  
 While all my friends applaud my blissful life,  
 And swear no mortal's happier in a wife ;  
 Demure and chaste as any vestal nun,  
 The meekest creature that beholds the sun !  
 But, by th' immortal pow'rs, I feel the pain,  
 And he that smarts has reason to complain.  
 Do what you list for me ; you must be sage,  
 And cautious sure ; for wisdom is in age.  
 But, at these years, to venture on the fair ;  
 By him who made the ocean, earth, and air,  
 To please a wife, when her occasions call,  
 Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.  
 And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse  
 Will ask observance, and exact her dues.

If what I speak my noble Lord offend,  
My tedious sermon here is at an end.

'Tis well, 'tis wond'rous well, the knight replies,  
Most worthy kinsman, faith, your mighty wife!  
We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause  
To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.  
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—  
What does my friend, my dear Placebo say?

I say, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,  
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.  
At this the counsel rose, without delay;  
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;  
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,  
The knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.

Who now but January exults with joy,  
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:  
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possess'd,  
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast;  
While fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively part,  
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.  
Thus, in some public forum fix'd on high,  
A mirror shews the figures moving by;  
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass  
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.  
This lady's charms the nicest could not blame,  
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;  
That was with sense, but not with virtue bless'd;  
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.  
Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,  
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.  
Her faults he knew not, love is always blind,  
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:



Her tender age, her form, divinely fair,  
Her easy motion, her attractive air,  
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,  
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.

Much in his prudence did our knight rejoice,  
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:  
Once more, in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,  
And told them all, their pains were at an end,  
Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,  
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:  
Let none oppose th' election, since on this  
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.

A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,  
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;  
Chaste, tho' not rich: and though not nobly born,  
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn,  
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please;  
To pass my age in sanctity and ease:  
And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone  
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!  
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,  
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.

One only doubt remains: Full oft I've heard,  
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;  
That 'tis too much for human race to know  
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.  
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,  
To match the blessings of the future state,  
Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these:  
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.

This Justin heard, nor could his spleen controul,  
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.

Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all your dread,  
 Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;  
 And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent,  
 That, ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!  
 Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,  
 Since it chastises still what best it loves.  
 Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;  
 Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,  
 One that may do your business to a hair;  
 Not ev'n in wish your happiness delay,  
 But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:  
 Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,  
 Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!  
 Provided still you moderate your joy,  
 Nor in your pleasures all your might employ;  
 Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,  
 Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.  
 Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,  
 Who solve these questions beyond all dispute;  
 Consult with those, and be of better cheer;  
 Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.  
 So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;  
 The match was offer'd, the proposals made,  
 The parents, you may think, would soon comply;  
 The old have int'rest ever in their eye.  
 Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;  
 When fortune favours, still the fair are kind.  
 I pass each previous settlement and deed,  
 Too long for me to write, or you to read;  
 Nor will with quaint impertinence display  
 The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.

The time approach'd, to church the parties went,  
At once with carnal and devout intent;  
Forth came the priest, and bade th' obedient wife  
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:  
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,  
And made all sure enough with holiness.

And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,  
The guests appear in order, side by side,  
And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride. }  
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,  
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;  
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring;  
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling  
string.

Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,  
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,  
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly strain,  
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.

Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace,  
(So poets sing) was present on the place:  
And lovely Venus, goddess of delight,  
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight: }  
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry knight:  
Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,  
No less in wedlock, than in liberty.  
Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd  
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.  
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng  
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song:  
Think not your softest numbers can display  
The matchless glories of this blissful day:

The joys are such as far transcend your rage,  
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.

The beauteous dame sat smiling at the board,  
And darted am'rous glances at her lord.  
Not Hester's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,  
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king :  
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,  
And fresh and blooming as the month of May !  
The joyful knight survey'd her by his side,  
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride :  
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight  
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,  
Restless he sat, invoking ev'ry pow'r  
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.  
Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,  
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.  
With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place ;  
And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.

Damian alone, of all the menial train,  
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain ;  
Damian alone, the knight's obsequious squire,  
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.  
His lovely mistress all his soul possess'd,  
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest :  
His task perform'd, he sadly went his way,  
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.  
There let him lie ; till his relenting dame  
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.

The weary sun, as learned poets write,  
Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light ;  
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,  
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.



Then rose the guests; and, as the time requir'd,  
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.

The foe once gone, our knight prepar'd t' undress,  
So keen he was, and eager to possess:  
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,  
Which grave physicians scruple not to give.  
Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's stood;  
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood;  
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,  
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.

By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,  
The room was sprinkl'd, and the bed was bless'd.  
What next ensu'd befits not me to say;  
'Tis sung he labour'd till the dawning day,  
'Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light  
As all were nothing he had done by night;  
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.  
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,  
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:  
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;  
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.  
But anxious cares the pensive squire oppress'd,  
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;  
The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,  
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.  
Yet, hoping time th' occasion might betray,  
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;  
Which writ and folded with the nicest art,  
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run,  
( 'Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the sun )

Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride;  
 The good old knight mov'd slowly by her side,  
 High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;  
 The servants round stood ready at their call.  
 The squire alone was absent from the board,  
 And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,  
 Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,  
 To visit Damian, and divert his pain.  
 Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;  
 They left the hall, and to his lodging went.  
 The female tribe surround him as he lay,  
 And close beside him sat the gentle May:  
 Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew  
 A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!  
 Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'r's divine,  
 With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?  
 On her soft couch uneasily she lay:  
 The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,  
 Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.  
 What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,  
 Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:  
 Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,  
 Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.  
 Were it by forceful destiny decreed,  
 Or did from chance or nature's pow'r proceed;  
 Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,  
 Shed its selectest influence from above;  
 Whatever was the cause, the tender dame  
 Felt the first motions of an infant flame;  
 Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick squire,  
 And wasted in the soft infectious fire.

Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move  
Your gentle minds to pity those who love.  
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,  
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:  
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,  
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.

But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd  
Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of human kind:  
Our knight, (who study'd much, we may suppose)  
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;  
For, like a prince, he bore the vast expence  
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:  
His house was stately, his retinue gay,  
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.  
His spacious garden, made to yield to none,  
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;  
Priapus could not half describe the grace,  
(Though god of gardens), of this charming place:  
A place to tire the rambling wits of France  
In long descriptions, and exceed romance;  
Enough to flame the gentlest bard that sings  
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.

Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,  
A crystal fountain spreads its streams around,  
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:  
About this spring, (if ancient fame say true),  
The dapper elves their moonlight-sports pursue;  
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,  
In circling dances gambol'd on the green;  
While tuneful sp'rits a merry concert made,  
And airy music warbled through the shade.

Hither the noble knight would oft repair,  
 (His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care);  
 For this he held it dear, and always bore  
 The silver key that lock'd the garden-door.  
 To this sweet place, in summer's sultry heat,  
 He us'd from noise and bus'ness to retreat;  
 And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,  
*Solus cum sola*, with his sprightly May.  
 For, whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,  
 The duteous knight in this fair garden sped.

But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure?  
 How short a space our worldly joys endure?  
 O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,  
 But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!  
 O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,  
 With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit;  
 This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,  
 Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,  
 Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,  
 And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.

The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,  
 For much he fear'd the faith of woman-kind.  
 His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,  
 Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,  
 Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway,  
 Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,  
 And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain;  
 She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye,  
 For oh, 'twas fix'd; she must possess or die!  
 Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous squire,  
 Wild with delay, and burning with desire.



Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain,  
 By secret writing to disclose his pain :  
 The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,  
 Till both were conscious what each other meant.

Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,  
 Though they could see as far as ships can sail ?  
 'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,  
 Than be deluded when a man can see !

Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,  
 Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes :  
 So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,  
 Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.

The dame at last, by diligence and care,  
 Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear ;  
 She took the wards in wax before the fire,  
 And gave th' impression to the trusty squire.  
 By means of this, some wonder shall appear,  
 Which in due place and season you may hear.

Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,  
 What slight is that which love will not explore ?  
 And Pyramus and Thisby plainly show  
 The fates true lovers, when they list, can do ;  
 Though watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,  
 They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now, no longer from our tale to stray ;  
 It happ'd that, once upon a summer's day,  
 Our rev'rend knight was urg'd to am'rous play ;  
 He rais'd his spouse e'er matin-bell was rung,  
 And thus his morning canticle he sung :

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes :  
 Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise !

Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,  
 And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain :  
 The winter's past ; the clouds and tempest fly ;  
 The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.  
 Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part  
 My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart ;  
 Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,  
 Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian strait a sign she made,  
 To haste before ; the gentle Squire obey'd :  
 Secret, and undescry'd he took his way,  
 And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,  
 And hand in hand with him his lovely dame ;  
 Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,  
 He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,  
 Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown :  
 So may my soul have joy, as thou, my wife,  
 Art far the dearest solace of my life ;  
 And rather would I chuse, by heav'n above,  
 To die this instant, than to lose thy love.  
 Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,  
 When unendow'd, I took thee for my own,  
 And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.  
 Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,  
 Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,  
 Nor age, nor blindness rob me of delight.  
 Each other loss with patience I can bear,  
 The loss of thee is what I only fear.

Consider then, my lady and my wife,  
 The solid comforts of a virtuous life.

As first, the love of Christ himself you gain ;  
 Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain ;  
 And, lastly, that which sure your mind must move,  
 My whole estate shall gratify your love :  
 Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun  
 Displays his light, by heav'n it shall be done.  
 I seal the contract with a holy kiss,  
 And will perform, by this---my dear, and this---  
 Have comfort, spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind ;  
 'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.  
 For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,  
 And join'd to them my own unequal age,  
 From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,  
 Such secret transports warm my melting heart.  
 For who that once possesses those heav'nly charms,  
 Could live one moment absent from thy arms ?

He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd ;  
 Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd :  
 Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)  
 I have a soul to save as well as you ;  
 And, what no less you to my charge commend,  
 My dearest honour, will to death defend.  
 To you in holy church I gave my hand,  
 And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band :  
 Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,  
 Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear :

First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,  
 And let me hence to hell alive descend ;  
 Or die the death I dread no less than hell,  
 Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well :  
 Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,  
 Or once renounce the honour of my race.

For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,  
 I loath a whore, and startle at the name.  
 But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,  
 And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:  
 Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?  
 These doubts and fears of female constancy!  
 This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,  
 The only strain a wife must hope to hear,

Thus while she spoke a side'long glance she cast,  
 Where Damian kneeling, worship'd as she past.  
 She saw him watch the motions of her eye,  
 And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:  
 'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,  
 And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.  
 Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,  
 And climbing, in the summit took his place.  
 The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,  
 Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.  
 'Twas now the season when the glorious sun  
 His heav'nly progress thro' the Twins had run;  
 And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,  
 To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields.  
 Clear was the day, and Phoebus, rising bright,  
 Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;  
 He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,  
 And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.

It so befel, in that fair morning tide,  
 The Fairies sported on the garden side,  
 And in the midst their Monarch and his bride.  
 So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,  
 The knights so nimbly o'er the greensword bound,  
 That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the  
 ground.



The dances ended, all the fairy train  
 For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;  
 While, on a bank reclin'd of rising green,  
 Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen:  
 'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,  
 The treachery you women use to man:  
 A thousand authors have this truth made out,  
 And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.

Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,  
 A wiser monarch never saw the sun:  
 All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree  
 Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!  
 For sagely hast thou said: of all mankind,  
 One only just, and righteous, hope to find:  
 But should'st thou search the spacious world around,  
 Yet one good woman is not to be found.

Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;  
 The son of Sirach testifies no less.  
 So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,  
 Or some devouring plague consume you all;  
 As well you view the leacher in the tree,  
 And well this honourable Knight you see:  
 But since he's blind and old (a helpless case)  
 His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.

Now by my own dread majesty I swear,  
 And by this awful sceptre which I bear,  
 No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,  
 That in my presence offers such a wrong.  
 I will this instant undeceive the Knight,  
 And in the very act restore his sight:

And set the strumpet here in open view,  
A warning to these ladies, and to you,  
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.

And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed!

Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,  
She will not want an answer at her need.

For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,

And all the sex in each succeeding age;

Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,

And fortify their crimes with confidence.

Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,

Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;

All they shall need is to protest and swear,

Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;

Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,

Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as geese.

What tho' this slanderous Jew, this Solomon,

Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;

The wiser wits of later times declare,

How constant, chaste, and virtuous women are:

Witness the martyrs, who resign' their breath,

Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;

And witness next what Roman authors tell,

How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,

And men interpret texts, why should not we?

By this no more was meant, than to have shown,

That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone

Who only Is, and is but only One.

But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd

By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?

What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)  
 Built a fair Temple to the Lord of hosts;  
 He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,  
 And did as much for Idol Gods, or more.  
 Beware what lavish praises you confer  
 On a rank leacher and idolater;  
 Whose reign indulgent God, says holy writ,  
 Did but for David's righteous sake permit;  
 David, the monarch after heav'n's own mind,  
 Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.

Well, I'm a woman, and as such must speak;  
 Silence would swell me, and my heart would break,  
 Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,  
 Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.  
 By heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,  
 Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.

Nay (quoth the King) dear Madam, be not wroth:  
 I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,  
 That this much-injur'd Knight again should see:  
 It must be done---I am a King, said he,  
 And one, whose faith has ever sacred been.

And so has mine (she said)---I am a Queen;  
 Her answer she shall have, I undertake;  
 And thus an end of all dispute I make.  
 Try when you list; and you shall find, my Lord,  
 It is not in our sex to break our word.

We leave them here in this heroic strain,  
 And to the Knight our story turns again;  
 Who in the garden, with his lovely May,  
 Sung merrier than the euckow or the jay:  
 This was his song; "Oh kind and constant be;  
 "Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."

Thus singing as he went, at last he drew,  
 By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew :  
 The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love  
 Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.  
 She stopp'd, and sighing : Oh good Gods, she cry'd,  
 What pangs, what sudden shoots distend my side ?  
 O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green ;  
 Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen !  
 Help, dearest Lord, and save at once the life  
 Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife !

Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,  
 But could not climb, and had no servant nigh :  
 Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,  
 What could, alas ! a helpless husband do ?  
 And must I languish, then, she said, and die,  
 Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye ?  
 At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,  
 Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take ;  
 Then from your back I might ascend the tree ;  
 Do you but stoop and leave the rest to me.

With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,  
 I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.  
 With that his back against the trunk he bent,  
 She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all !  
 Nor let on me your heavy anger fall ;  
 'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd ;  
 Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.  
 What feats the Lady in the tree might do,  
 I pass, as gambols never known to you ;  
 But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,  
 Than in her life she ever felt before.



In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring knight  
 Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.  
 Strait on the tree his eager eyes he bent,  
 As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent ;  
 But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,  
 His rage was such as cannot be express'd :  
 Not frantic mothers when their infants die,  
 With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky :  
 He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair ;  
 Death ! hell ! and furies ! what dost thou do there !

What ails my Lord ? the trembling dame reply'd ;  
 I thought your patience had been better try'd ;  
 Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,  
 This my reward for having cur'd the blind ;  
 Why was I taught to make my husband see,  
 By struggling with a Man upon a Tree ?  
 Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove ?  
 Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love !

If this be struggling, by this holy light,  
 'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight) ;  
 So heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,  
 As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd ;  
 Whor'd by my slave---perfidious wretch ! may hell  
 As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good Angels ! cry'd the gentle May,  
 Pray heav'n, this magic work the proper way !  
 Alas, my love ! 'tis certain, could you see,  
 You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me :  
 So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,  
 But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.

What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,  
 For by th' immortal pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain---

By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,  
 (Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?  
 Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!  
 She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,  
 The ready tears apace began to flow,  
 And as they fell she wip'd from either eye  
 The drops (for women, when they list, can cry.)

The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd  
 Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he chear'd.  
 Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er;  
 Come down, and vex your tender heart no more:  
 Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,  
 For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:  
 Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,  
 By heav'n, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.

Ah, my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)  
 On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.  
 But, till your sight's establish'd for a while,  
 Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.  
 Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,  
 The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,  
 And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day.  
 So just recov'ring from the shades of night,  
 Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,  
 Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before  
 your sight:

Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;  
 Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they seem!  
 Consult your reason, and you soon shall find  
 'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:  
 Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,  
 None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.

With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace,  
 With well-dissembled virtue in her face.  
 He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,  
 Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more :  
 Both, pleas'd and blest'd, renew'd their mutual vows,  
 A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.

Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,  
 Let all wise husbands hence example take ;  
 And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,  
 To be so well deluded by their wives.

D 2

WIFE OF BATH

PROLOGUE

CHANCE

B. HOLD. In what a position I am  
And how with me some in experience  
The dear thought which give the credit due  
And think, for once, a woman tells you true  
Is all these trials I have born a pain  
I was myself the source that cause of the pain  
For, once, I think, in a moment have I had  
A negative husband from the church to bid  
And now a wedding once, the temple in  
And the best one, in thought, in all the days  
Which tomorrow, when, tomorrow is for me  
My dear, I think, in a moment have I had



THE  
WIFE OF BATH,  
HER  
PROLOGUE,  
FROM  
CHAUCER.

**B**EHOLD the woes of matrimonial life,  
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!  
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,  
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.  
In all these trials I have born a part,  
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart;  
For, since fifteen, in triumph have I led  
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.

Christ saw a wedding once, the scripture says,  
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;  
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,  
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.

But let them read, and solve me, if they can,  
 The words address'd to the Samaritan :  
 Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd ;  
 And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.

Increase and multiply, was heav'n's command,  
 And that's a text I clearly understand.  
 This too, " Let men their fires and mother's leave,  
 " And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."  
 More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,  
 Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.  
 I've had myself full many a merry fit ;  
 And trust in heav'n I may have many yet.  
 For when my transitory spouse, unkind,  
 Shall die, and leave his woeful wife behind,  
 I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,  
 Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.  
 There's danger in assembling fire and tow ;  
 I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.  
 The same Apostle too has elsewhere own'd,  
 No precept for Virginity he found :  
 'Tis but a counsel---and we women still  
 Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she  
 Think fit to live in perfect chastity ;  
 Pure let them be, and free from taint of vice :  
 I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.  
 Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows  
 One proper gift, another grants to those :  
 Not ev'ry man's oblig'd to sell his store,  
 And give up all his substance to the poor ;

Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny :  
But, by your leave, Divines, so am not I.

Full many a Saint, since first the world began,  
Liv'd an unspotted Maid, in spite of man :  
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,  
And let us honest wives eat barley bread,  
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by heav'n,  
And use the copious talent it has giv'n ;  
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,  
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night :  
His proper body is not his, but mine ;  
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,  
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.  
The three were old, but rich, and fond beside,  
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride :  
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,  
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.  
Sure to be lov'd, I took no pains to please,  
Yet had more pleasure far than they had ease.

Presents flow'd in apace : With show'rs of gold,  
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.  
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,  
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.

Ye sov'reign wives ! give ear, and understand,  
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.  
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,  
To lye so boldly as we women can :  
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,  
And call your maids to witness how he lies.

Hark, old Sir Paul ! ('twas thus I us'd to say)  
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay ?

Treated, caress'd, where'er she's pleas'd to roam—  
 I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.  
 Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?  
 Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?  
 If I but see a cousin or a friend,  
 Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend?  
 But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,  
 Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;  
 Cry, wives are false, and ev'ry woman evil,  
 And give up all that's female to the devil.

If poor (you say) she drains her husband's purse;  
 If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;  
 If highly born, intolerably vain,  
 Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,  
 Now gayly mad, now sourly splenetic,  
 Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.  
 If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,  
 By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side:  
 If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,  
 Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,  
 Or else she dances with becoming grace,  
 Or shape excuses the defects of face.  
 There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late,  
 She finds some honest gander for her mate.

Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,  
 And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:  
 But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,  
 They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake:  
 Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,  
 And all the woman glares in open day.

You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,  
 Your eyes must always languish on my face,



Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,  
 And tag each sentence with, My life ! my dear !  
 If by strange chance, a modest blush be rais'd,  
 Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.  
 My garments always must be new and gay,  
 And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.  
 Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid ;  
 And endless treats, and endless visits paid,  
 To a long train of kindred, friends, allies ;  
 All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are lyes.

On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye :  
 What ! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy ?  
 Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,  
 And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.  
 But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,  
 I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.

Why are thy chests all lock'd ? on what design ?  
 Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine ?  
 Sir, I'm no fool : Nor shall you, by St John,  
 Have goods and body to yourself alone.  
 One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes---  
 I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.  
 If you had wit, you'd say, " Go where you will,  
 " Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell :  
 " Take all the freedoms of a married life ;  
 " I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."

Lord ! when you have enough, what need you care  
 How merrily soever others fare ?  
 Tho' all the day I give and take delight,  
 Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.  
 'Tis but a just and rational desire,  
 To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.

There's danger too, you think, in rich array,  
 And none can long be modest that are gay.  
 The Cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,  
 The chimney keeps, and sits content within;  
 But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,  
 Sport with her tail, and wanton in the sun;  
 She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,  
 To shew her furr, and to be catterwaw'd.

Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires  
 These three right ancient venerable fires,  
 I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do,  
 I told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.  
 I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,  
 And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.  
 I tax'd them oft with weuching and amours,  
 When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors;  
 And swore the rambles that I took by night,  
 Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.  
 That colour brought me many hours of mirth;  
 For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.  
 Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace  
 To spin, to weep, and cully human race.  
 By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,  
 By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,  
 I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,  
 Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.  
 If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,  
 What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd;  
 I levied first a tax upon his need:  
 Then let him---'twas a nicety indeed!  
 Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,  
 Marry who will, our sex is to be fold.

With empty hands no tassels you can lure;  
 But fulsome love for gain we can endure;  
 For gold we love the impotent and old,  
 And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.  
 Yet with embraces, curses oft I mixt,  
 Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.  
 Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,  
 For not one word in man's arrears am I.  
 To drop a dear dispute I was unable,  
 Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.  
 But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,  
 ' Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look ?  
 ' Approach, my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek ;  
 ' Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek !  
 ' Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,  
 ' Well should you practise, who so well can teach.  
 ' 'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,  
 ' But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.  
 ' Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,  
 ' Who puts a period to domestic strife.  
 ' One of us two must rule, and one obey ;  
 ' And since in man right reason bears the sway,  
 ' Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way. }  
 ' The wives of all my family have rul'd  
 ' Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd,  
 ' Fie, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan ;  
 ' What! would you have me to yourself alone ?  
 ' Why take me, love! take all and ev'ry part!  
 ' Here's your revenge! you love it at your heart.  
 ' Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,  
 ' You little think what custom I could have.

‘ But see ! I’m all your own---nay hold---for shame !

‘ What means my dear---indeed---you are to blame.’

Thus with my first three lords I pass’d my life ;  
A very woman, and a very wife.

What sums from these old spouses I could raise,

Procur’d young husbands in my riper days.

Though pass’d my bloom, not yet decay’d was I,

Wanton and wild, and chatter’d like a pyc.

In country-dances still I bore the bell,

And sung as sweet as ev’ning Philomel.

To clear my quail-pipe, and refresh my soul,

Full oft I drain’d the spicy nut-brown bowl ;

Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,

And warm the swelling veins to seats of love ;

For ’tis as sure as cold engenders hail,

A liqu’rish mouth must have a lech’rous tail ;

Wine let’s no lover unrewarded go,

As all true gamesters by experience know.

But oh, good Gods ! whene’er a thought I cast

On all the joys of youth and beauty past,

To find in pleasures I have had my part,

Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.

This wicked world was once my dear delight ;

Now all my conquests, all my charms good night !

The flour consum’d, the best that now I can,

Is e’en to make my market of the bran.

My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true ;

He kept, ’twas thought, a private miss or two :

But all that score I paid---as how ? you’ll say,

Not with my body, in a filthy way :

But I so dress’d, and danc’d, and drank, and din’d ;

And view’d a friend, with eyes so very kind,



As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry  
 With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.  
 His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,  
 For here on earth I was his purgatory.  
 Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,  
 He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.  
 How sore I gall'd him only heav'n could know,  
 And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.  
 He dy'd, when last from pilgrimage I came,  
 With other gossips, from Jerusalem;  
 And now lies buried underneath a rood,  
 Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.  
 A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,  
 Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd;  
 Or where inshrind the great Darius lay;  
 But cost on graves is merely thrown away.  
 The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;  
 So blest the good man's soul, I say no more.

Now for my fifth lov'd lord, the last and best;  
 (Kind heav'n afford him everlasting rest),  
 Full hearty was his love, and I can shew  
 The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;  
 Yet, with a knack, my heart he could have won,  
 While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.  
 How quaint an appetite in women reigns!  
 Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:  
 Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;  
 A glutted market makes provision cheap.

In pure good will I took this jovial spark,  
 Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.  
 He boarded with a widow in the town,  
 A trusty gossip, one dame Alifon.

Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,  
 Better than e'er our parish priest could do.  
 To her I told whatever could befall,  
 Had but my husband pish'd against a wall,  
 Or done a thing that might have cost his life,  
 She---and my niece---and one more worthy wife,  
 Had known it all : What most he would conceal,  
 To these I made no scruple to reveal.  
 Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,  
 That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,  
 That oft a day I to this gossip went ;  
 (My husband, thank my stars, was out of town),  
 From house to house we rambled up and down.  
 This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,  
 To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales.  
 Visits to ev'ry church we daily paid,  
 And march'd in ev'ry holy masquerade ;  
 The stations duly, and the vigils kept ;  
 Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.  
 At sermons too I shone in scarlet gay,  
 The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array :  
 The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.

'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,  
 This clerk and I were walking in the fields.  
 We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,  
 I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,  
 If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,  
 That he, and only he, should serve my turn.  
 We strait struck hands, the bargain was agreed ;  
 I still have shifts against a time of need :

The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,  
Can never be a mouse of any soul.

I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,  
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him;  
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,  
And dreams foretel, as learned men have shown :  
All this I said ; but dreams, Sirs, I had none :  
I follow'd but my crafty crony's lore,  
Who bids me tell this lye---and twenty more.

Thus day by day, and month by month we pass'd ;  
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.  
I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,  
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows---must.  
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,  
To hide the flood of tears I did---not shed.  
The good man's coffin to the church was born ;  
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk too, moura.  
But as he march'd, good gods ! he show'd a pair  
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair !  
Of twenty winter's age he seem'd to be ;  
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he ;  
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame ;  
And had a wond'rous gift to quench a flame.  
A conj'rer once, that deeply could divine,  
Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign ;  
As the stars order'd, such my life has been :  
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin !  
Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace,  
And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.  
By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,  
I follow'd always my own inclination.

But to my tale : A month scarce pass'd away,  
 With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.  
 All I possess'd I gave to his command,  
 My goods and chattels, money, house, and land ;  
 But oft repented, and repent it still ;  
 He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will :  
 Nay once, by heav'n, he struck me on the face ;  
 Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.

Stubborn as any lionsess was I ;  
 And knew full well to raise my voice on high ;  
 As true a rambler as I was before,  
 And would be so, in spite of all he swore.  
 He, against this right sagely would advise,  
 And old examples set before my eyes ;  
 Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,  
 Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife ;  
 And chose the sermon, as becom'd his wit,  
 With some grave sentence out of holy writ.  
 Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,  
 Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,  
 Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,  
 Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.  
 All this avail'd not ; for whoe'er he be  
 That tells my faults, I hate him mortally :  
 And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,  
 Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.

My spouse, (who was, you know, to learning bred),  
 A certain treatise oft at ev'ning read,  
 Where divers authors, (whom the dev'l confound  
 For all their lyes) were in one volume bound.  
 Valerius, whole ; and of St Jerome, part ;  
 Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's art ;



Solomon's proverbs, Eloisa's loves;  
 And many more than sure the church approves.  
 More legends were there here, of wicked wives,  
 Than good, in all the Bible, and saints lives.  
 Who drew the li n vanquish'd? 'Twas a man.  
 But could we women write as scholars can,  
 Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness,  
 Than all the sons of Adam could redress.  
 Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,  
 And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.  
 Those play the scholars who can't play the men,  
 And use that weapon which they have, their pen.  
 When old, and past the relish of delight,  
 Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,  
 That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.  
 (This by the way, but to my purpose now.)

It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,  
 Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,  
 How the first female (as the scriptures show)  
 Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.  
 How Sampson fell; and he whom Dejanire,  
 Wrap'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.  
 How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,  
 And the dire ambush Clytaemnestra laid.  
 But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,  
 And husband-bull—oh monstrous! *sic* for shame!

He had by heart the whole detail of woe  
 Xantippe made her goodman undergo;  
 How oft she scolded in a day he knew;  
 How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;  
 Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;  
 Rain follows thunder, that was all he said.

He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,  
 A fatal tree was growing in his land,  
 On which three wives successively had twin'd  
 A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.  
 Where grows this plant (replied the friend) oh where?  
 For better fruit did never orchard bear.  
 Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,  
 And in my garden planted shall it be.

Then how two wives their lord's destruction prove,  
 Thro' hatred one, and one thro' too much love :  
 That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,  
 And this for lust an am'rous philtre bought :  
 The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,  
 Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.

How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,  
 And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,  
 And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion :  
 All this he read, and read with great devotion.

Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and  
 frown'd :

But when no end of these vile tales I found,  
 When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,  
 And half the night was thus consum'd in vain ;  
 Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,  
 And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor,  
 With that my husband in a fury rose,  
 And down he settled me with hearty blows.  
 I groan'd and lay extended on my side !  
 Oh ! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd :)  
 Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—  
 He wept, kind soul ! and stoop'd to kiss my face.

I took him such a box as turn'd him blue ;  
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu !

But, after many a hearty struggle past,  
I condescended to be pleas'd at last.  
Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,  
Do what you list the term of all your life :

I took to heart the merits of the cause,  
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws ;  
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,  
With all the government of house and land,  
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.

As for the volume that revil'd the dames,  
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames,

Now heav'n on all my husbands gone, bestow  
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below ;  
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave ;  
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save !

# THE WIFE OF BARR

When the first of the month of June  
I was light and gay, and in the  
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Translated by the Rev. M. L. G. G.



THE  
FIRST BOOK  
OF  
STATIUS  
HIS  
THEBAIS.

Translated in the Year M,DCC,III.

# THE TWO BOOKS

These, then, are the two books, and which of them is the one, and which is the other, is a matter of some importance. The first book is the one which is the more ancient, and the second is the one which is the more modern. The first book is the one which is the more ancient, and the second is the one which is the more modern.



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THE  
A R G U M E N T.

**O**EDIPUS, King of Thebes, having, by mistake, slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns; and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus King of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a boar and a lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that god. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the love of Phoebus and Psamathe, and the story of Choroebus. He inquires, and is made ac-

quainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renewed; and the book concludes with a hymn to Apollo.

*The Translator hopes he needs not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood. But, finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterwards.*



THE  
FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS

HIS

THEBÆIDS.

**F**Raternal rage the guilty Thebes alarms,  
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,  
Demand our song ; a sacred fury fires  
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.  
O goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhimes  
From the dire nation in its early times ;  
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,  
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea ?  
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,  
And reap'd an iron harvest of his toil ?  
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,  
While to his harp divine Amphion sung ?  
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,  
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy monarch found ?  
The fire against the son his arrows drew ;  
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew ;

And while her arms a second hope contain,  
Sprung from the rocks, and plung'd into the main?

But wave what'er to Cadmus may belong,  
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song  
At Oedipus—from his disasters trace  
The long confusions of his guilty race:  
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,  
And mighty Caesar's conqu'ring eagles sing;  
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,  
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood;  
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,  
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen pole;  
Or long before, with early valour strove,  
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.

And thou, great heir of all thy father's fame,  
Increase of glory to the Latian name!

Oh bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,  
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.

What though the stars contract their heav'nly space,  
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;

Though all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,  
Conspire to court thee from our world away;

Though Phoebus longs to mix his rays with thine,  
And in thy glories more serenely shine;

Though Jove himself no less content would be  
To part his throne, and share his heav'n with thee;

Yet stay, great Caesar! and vouchsafe to reign  
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main;

Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,  
And people heav'n with Roman deities.

The time will come, when a diviner flame  
Shall warm my breast to sing of Caesar's fame:

Mean while permit, that my preluding Muse  
 In Theban wars an humbler theme may chuse.  
 Of furious hate surviving death, she sings,  
 A fatal throne to two contending Kings,  
 And fun'ral flames, that parting wide in air,  
 Express the discord of the souls they bear:  
 Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts  
 Of Kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts;  
 When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,  
 And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,  
 With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,  
 In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.

What Hero, Clio, wilt thou first relate?

The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?  
 Or how with hills of slain on ev'ry side,  
 Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?  
 Or how the youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd,  
 Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?  
 Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,  
 And sing with horror his prodigious end.

Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of sight,  
 Led a long death in everlasting night;  
 But while he dwells where not a chearful ray  
 Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;  
 The clear reflecting mind presents his sin  
 In frightful views, and makes it day within;  
 Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,  
 And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul,  
 The wretch then lifted to th' un pitying skies  
 Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,  
 Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,  
 While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.

Ye Gods, that o'er the gloomy regions reign,  
 Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;  
 Thou, fable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd  
 Thro' dreary coasts, which I, tho' blind, behold:  
 Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my pray'r,  
 Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy care!

If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,  
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:  
 If leaving Polybus, I took my way  
 To Cyrrha's temple, on that fatal day,  
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,  
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:  
 If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,  
 Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign;  
 If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,  
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,  
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,  
 And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;  
 'Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,  
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;  
 O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,  
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!  
 My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,  
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;  
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,  
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;  
 These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride,  
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride,  
 Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!  
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?  
 Thou, Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,  
 Which o'er their childrens children shall prevail:



Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,  
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore ;  
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear ;  
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare  
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war. }  
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,  
 Blind as I am, some glorious villany !  
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,  
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands :  
 Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,  
 They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.  
 The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink  
 Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink ;  
 But at the summons, roll'd her eyes around,  
 And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.  
 Not half so swiftly shoots along in air,  
 The gliding light'ning, or descending star.  
 Thro' crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,  
 And dark dominions of the silent night ;  
 Swift as she pass'd, the sitting ghosts withdrew,  
 And the pale spectres trembled at her view :  
 To th' iron gates of Taenarus she flies,  
 There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies :  
 The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,  
 Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.  
 Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,  
 Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.  
 Now from beneath Malea's airy height  
 Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight ;  
 With eager speed the well known journey took ;  
 Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.

A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,  
 A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,  
 In her sunk eye-balls dreadful meteors glow:  
 Such rays from Phoebe's bloody circle flow,  
 When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high  
 A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.  
 Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came  
 Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.  
 From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath,  
 Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.  
 A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,  
 A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.  
 She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand  
 In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand;  
 A serpent from her left was seen to rear  
 His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.  
 But when the Fury took her stand on high,  
 Where vast Cithaeron's top salutes the sky,  
 A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:  
 The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,  
 And thro' th' Achaian cities send the sound,  
 Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;  
 Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;  
 Again Leucothoe shook at these alarms,  
 And press'd Palaemon closer in her arms.  
 Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,  
 And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,  
 Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds  
 Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.  
 Strait with the rage of all their race possess'd,  
 Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,  
 And all their Furies wake within their breast.

Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,  
 And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears;  
 And sacred Thirst of sway; and all the ties  
 Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries :  
 And impotent Desire to reign alone,  
 That scorns the dull reversion of a throne ;  
 Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,  
 While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.

As stubborn steers by brawny plowmen broke,  
 And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,  
 Alike disdain with servile necks to bear  
 Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,  
 But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,  
 And all the furrows in confusion lay :  
 Such was the discord of the royal pair  
 Whom fury drove precipitate to war.  
 In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,  
 To govern Thebes by their alternate sway :  
 Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,  
 That mourns in exile his unequal fate,  
 And the short monarch of a hasty year  
 Foresees with anguish his returning heir.  
 Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,  
 But scarce subsisted to the second reign.

Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,  
 No fretted roof with polish'd metals blaz'd ;  
 No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,  
 No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd ;  
 No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait  
 Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate ;  
 No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,  
 Nor silver vases took the forming mold ;

Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,  
 Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine--  
 Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage:--  
 Say, to what end your impious arms engage.  
 Not all bright Phoebus views in early morn,  
 Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,  
 When the south glows with his meridian ray,  
 And the cold north receives a fainter day;  
 For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,  
 Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!

But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)  
 Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:  
 What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,  
 When all were slaves thou could'st around survey;  
 Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,  
 And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,  
 Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;  
 Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,  
 And sure the monarch whom they have to hate;  
 New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,  
 And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.  
 And one of those who groan beneath the sway  
 Of kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,  
 (Whom envy to the great and vulgar spight  
 With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble minds delight)  
 Exclaim'd--O Thebes! for thee what fates remain!  
 What woes attend this inauspicious reign!  
 Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,  
 Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,  
 And still to change, whom chang'd we still must fear!



These now controul a wretched people's fate,  
 These can divide, and these reverse the state :  
 Ev'n fortune rules no more : --- O servile land,  
 Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command !  
 'Thou sire of Gods and men, imperial Jove !  
 Is this th' eternal doom decreed above ?  
 On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,  
 From the first birth of our unhappy state ;  
 When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,  
 For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,  
 And fated in Boetian fields to found  
 A rising empire on a foreign ground,  
 First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,  
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain ?  
 What lofty looks th' unrivall'd monarch bears !  
 How all the tyrant in his face appears !  
 What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow !  
 Gods ! how his eyes with threatening ardour glow !  
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,  
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again ?  
 Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd,  
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd ?  
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne ?  
 What wonder then ? he was not then alone.  
 Oh wretched we, a vile, submissive train,  
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign !  
 As when two winds with rival force contend,  
 This way and that the wav'ring sails they bend,  
 While freezing Borcas, and black Eurus blow,  
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw :  
 Thus on each side, alas ! our tottering state  
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate.

And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,  
 While that Prince threatens, and while this commands.  
 'And now th' almighty Father of the Gods  
 Convenes a council in the blest abodes.  
 Far in the bright recesses of the skies,  
 High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,  
 Whence far below, the Gods at once survey  
 The realms of rising and declining day,  
 And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.  
 Full in the midst, and on a starry throne,  
 The majesty of heav'n superior shone;  
 Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,  
 And all the trembling spheres confess'd the god.  
 At Jove's assent, the deities around  
 In solemn state the consistory crown'd.  
 Next a long order of inferior pow'rs  
 Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;  
 Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;  
 And those that give the wand'ring winds to blow:  
 Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs cease,  
 And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.  
 A shining synod of majestic Gods  
 Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;  
 Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,  
 And the bright arch reflects a double day.  
 The monarch then his solemn silence broke,  
 The still creation listen'd while he spoke;  
 Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,  
 And each irrevocable word is Fate.  
 How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy,  
 And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!

Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove  
 Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!  
 This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,  
 And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:  
 Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires;  
 Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.  
 For this I suffer'd Phoebus' steeds to stray,  
 And the mad ruler to misguide the day.  
 When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,  
 And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.  
 For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign  
 Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main:  
 But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain. }  
 Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;  
 To punish these, see Jove himself descend.  
 The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,  
 From godlike Perseus, those of Argive race.  
 Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know?  
 And the long series of succeeding woe:  
 How oft the Furies, from the deeps of night,  
 Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:  
 Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;  
 The savage hunter and the haunted wood:  
 The direful banquet why should I proclaim,  
 And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?  
 Ere I recount the sins of these profane,  
 The sun would sink into the western main. }  
 And rising gild the radiant east again.  
 Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)  
 The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,  
 Thro' violated nature force his way,  
 And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?

Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,  
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;  
His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,  
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.  
Thy curse, oh Oedipus, just heav'n alarms,  
And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.  
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,  
And give the nations to the waste of war.  
Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join  
In dire alliance with the Theban line;  
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed;  
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed;  
Fix'd is their doom; this all-remembering breast  
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.  
He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd;  
(With sudden grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd)  
Must I, whose cares Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,  
Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?  
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,  
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:  
Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,  
And there deluded Argus slept, and bled;  
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,  
When Jove descended in almighty gold.  
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,  
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;  
But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms  
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,  
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,  
And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;  
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove,  
Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?



Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen controul,  
 Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,  
 Go, rase my Samos, let Mycene fall,  
 And level with the dust the Spartan wall;  
 No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,  
 Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,  
 Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;  
 But to your Isis all my rites transfer,  
 Let altars blaze, and temples smoke for her;  
 For her, thro' Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,  
 Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.  
 But if thou must reform the stubborn times,  
 Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,  
 And from the long records of distant age  
 Derive incitements to renew thy rage;  
 Say, from what period then has Jove design'd  
 To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?  
 Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides  
 His wand'ring stream, and thro' the briny tides  
 Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.  
 Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,  
 Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;  
 Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood  
 Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with blood;  
 Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,  
 And human bones yet whiten all the ground.  
 Say, can those honours please; and canst thou love  
 Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove?  
 And shall not Tantalus's kingdom share  
 Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?  
 Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,  
 Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee:

On impious realms and harb'rous Kings impose  
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.

Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd  
The rage and grief contending in her breast;  
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,  
And from his throne return'd this stern reply.  
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear  
The dire, tho' just, revenge which I prepare }  
Against a nation thy peculiar care :  
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,  
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend;  
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil  
Their work, and rev'rence our superior will.  
For by the black infernal Styx I swear,  
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer)  
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;  
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.  
Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid air :  
Go mount the winds, and to the shades repair ;  
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,  
And give up Laius to the realms of day;  
Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,  
Expects its passage to the further strand :  
Let the pale fire revisit Thebes, and bear  
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear ;  
That, from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride  
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,  
Almighty Jove commands him to detain  
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign :  
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate :  
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.

The God obeys, and to his feet applies  
 Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;  
 His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,  
 And veil'd the starry glories of his head:  
 He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
 Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;  
 That drives the dead to dark Tartarian coasts,  
 Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.  
 Thus, thro' the parting clouds, the son of May  
 Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;  
 Now smoothly steers thro' air his equal flight,  
 Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' etherial height;  
 Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,  
 And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.

Mean time the banish'd Polynices roves  
 (His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aonian groves,  
 While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,  
 His daily vision and his dream by night;  
 Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,  
 From whence he sees his absent brother fly;  
 With transport views the airy rule his own,  
 And swells on an imaginary throne.  
 Fain would he cast a tedious age away,  
 And live out all in one triumphant day.  
 He chides the lazy progress of the sun,  
 And bids the year with swifter motion run.  
 With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,  
 And all his joys in length of wishes lost.

The hero then resolves his course to bend  
 Where antient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,  
 And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend,

(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detect,  
 And disappear'd in horror of the feast)  
 And now by chance, by fate, or suries left,  
 From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,  
 Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,  
 And Pentheus' blood enrich'd the rising ground.  
 Then seas Cythæron tow'ring o'er the plain,  
 And thence declining gently to the main,  
 Next to the bounds of Nilus' realm repairs,  
 Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs  
 The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,  
 And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores:  
 Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,  
 And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.

'Twas now the time when Phoebus yields to night,  
 And rising Cynthia shades her silver light;  
 Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew  
 Her airy chariot, hung with pearly dew;  
 All birds and beasts lie hush'd; she steals away  
 The wild desires of men, and toils of day,  
 And brings, descending through the silent air,  
 A sweet forgetfulness of human care.  
 Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,  
 Promise the skies the bright return of day;  
 No faint reflections of the distant light  
 Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night:  
 From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,  
 Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.  
 At once the rushing winds, with roaring sound,  
 Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,  
 With equal rage their airy quarrel try,  
 And win by turns the kingdom of the sky:



But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds  
 The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,  
 From whose dark womb a ratt'ling tempest pours,  
 Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs.  
 From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,  
 And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.  
 Now smoaks with show'rs the misty mountain-ground  
 And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.  
 Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,  
 And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:  
 The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,  
 And spreads its antient poisons o'er the grounds:  
 Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,  
 Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away:  
 Old limbs of trees, from crackling forests torn,  
 Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are born;  
 The storm the dark Lycaean groves display'd,  
 And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.  
 Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,  
 Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,  
 And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,  
 The floods descending, and the wat'ry war;  
 That, driv'n by storms, and pouring o'er the plain,  
 Swept herds, and hinds, and houses to the main.  
 Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,  
 Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;  
 His brother's image to his mind appears,  
 Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with  
 fears.

So fares a sailor on the stormy main,  
 When clouds conceal Boote's golden wain;

When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,  
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;  
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,  
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.

Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd;  
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;  
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way  
Through thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.  
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height  
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:  
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;  
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,  
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:  
He pass'd the gates, which then unguarded lay,  
And to the regal palace bent his way;  
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,  
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.

Adrastus here his happy people sways,  
Bless'd with calm peace in his declining days.  
By both his parents of descent divine,  
Great Jove and Phoebus grac'd his noble line:  
Heav'n had not crown'd his wilhes with a son,  
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.  
To him Apollo, wond'rous to relate!  
(But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)  
Had sung---"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,  
"A yellow lion, and a bristly boar."  
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,  
Sat heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;  
This, great Amphiaras, lay hid from thee,  
Though skill'd in fate, and dark futurity.

The father's care and prophet's art were vain,  
For thus did the predicting god ordain.

Lothaples Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand  
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land;  
And, seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,  
Through the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:  
Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,  
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n,  
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads;  
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.

When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort  
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;  
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,  
And views their arms and habit with surprize:  
A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,  
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;  
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,  
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.  
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,  
Oenides' manly shoulders overspread.  
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,  
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd with deep amaze,  
The king th' accomplish'd oracle surveys;  
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns  
The guiding godhead, and his future sons.  
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,  
And a glad horror shoots through ev'ry vein.  
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight;  
And thus invokes the silent Queen of Night.

Goddeſs of ſhades, beneath whoſe gloomy reign  
Yon ſpangled arch glows with the ſtarry train :

You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,  
 Till, nature quicken'd by th' inspiring ray,  
 Wakes to new vigour with the rising day.  
 O thou who free'st me from my doubtful state,  
 Long lost and wander'd in the maze of fate!  
 Be present, Rill, oh goddess! in our aid;  
 Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.  
 We to thy name our annual rites will pay,  
 And on thy altars sacrifices lay;  
 The sable flock must fall beneath the stroke,  
 And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.  
 Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes  
 Of awful Phoebus: I confess the gods!

Thus, seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;  
 Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;  
 Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,  
 And dust yet white upon each altar lies,  
 The relics of a former sacrifice.  
 The King once more the solemn rites requires,  
 And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.  
 His train obey, while all the courts around  
 With noisy care and various tumult sound,  
 Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;  
 This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;  
 A third dispels the darkness of the night,  
 And fills depending lamps with beams of light:  
 Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high;  
 And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.  
 Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,  
 Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;  
 A lofty couch receives each princely guest;  
 Around, at awful distance, wait the rest,



And now the King, his royal feast to grace,  
 Accessis calls, the guardian of his race,  
 Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,  
 And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd.  
 Then softly whisper'd in her faithful year,  
 And bade his daughters at the rites appear;  
 When from the close apartments of the night,  
 The royal nymphs approach'd divinely bright;  
 Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;  
 Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,  
 But that in these a milder charm endears,  
 And less of terror in their looks appears.  
 As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,  
 O'er their fair cheeks their glowing blushes rise.  
 Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,  
 Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.

The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign  
 To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,  
 Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,  
 With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold.  
 Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,  
 Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,  
 And, even in gold, turns paler as she dies.  
 There from the chace Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,  
 On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:  
 Still as he rises in the ethereal height,  
 His native mountains lessen to his sight:  
 While all his sad companions upward gaze,  
 Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;  
 And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,  
 Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.

This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd;  
The first libations sprinkled on the ground;  
By turns on each celestial pow'r they call;  
With Phoebus' name resounds the vaulted hall.  
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,  
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,  
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,  
Salute the gods in num'rous hymns of praise.

Then thus the king: Perhaps, my noble guests,  
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts  
To bright Apollo's awful name design'd,  
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.  
Great was the cause, our old solemnities  
From no blind zeal or fond tradition rise;  
But, sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay  
These grateful honours to the God of Day.

When by a thousand darts the Python slain,  
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain,  
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,  
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue),  
To Argos' realm the victor god resorts,  
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.  
This rural prince one only daughter bless'd,  
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;  
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,  
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.  
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,  
Were she less beautiful, or less below'd!  
But Phoebus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side  
Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd.  
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,  
Th' illustrious offspring of the god was born;

The nymph, her father's anger to evade,  
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;  
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,  
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.

How mean a fate, unhappy child! is thine?

Ah, how unworthy those of race divine?  
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,  
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,  
He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,  
While the rude swain his rural music tries,  
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.

Yet, even in those obscure abodes to live,  
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give;  
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,  
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,  
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,  
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.  
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,  
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame;  
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,  
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair:  
Then wild with anguish to her fire she flies,  
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.

But, touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,

The raging god prepares t' avenge her fate.  
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,  
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.  
The pest a virgin's face and bosoms bears;  
High on a crown a rising snake appears,  
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:  
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,  
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,

Devours young babes before their parents eyes;  
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.

But gen'rous rage the bold Choroebus warms,  
Choroebus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;  
Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,  
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.  
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,  
The direful monster from afar descry'd;  
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;  
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,  
And in their hearts embrues her cruel claws.  
The youths surround her with extended spears;  
But brave Choroebus in the front appears;  
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,  
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.  
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprize,  
Her twisting volumes, and her rolling eyes,  
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb-embru'd  
With livid poison, and our childrens blood.  
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,  
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.  
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,  
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.  
The birds obscene, that nightly flock to taste,  
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;  
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,  
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.  
But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow,  
Avenging Phoebus bent his deadly bow,  
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:  
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around  
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:



And now a thousand lives together fled;  
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,  
And a whole province in his triumph led,

But Phoebus, ask'd why noxious fires appear,  
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;  
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,  
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.

Bless'd be thy dust, and let eternal fame  
Attend thy manes, and preserve thy name,  
Undaunted hero! who, divinely brave,  
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;  
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,  
And its upbraided godhead thus bespoke:

With piety, the soul's securest guard,  
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,  
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;  
Nor shalt thou, Phoebus, find a suppliant here.  
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,  
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,  
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;  
For whom, as man no longer claim'd thy care,  
Such numbers fell by pestilential air;

But, if th' abandon'd race of human kind  
From gods above no more compassion find;  
If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell;  
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel  
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?

On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,  
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:  
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,  
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.

Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,  
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;  
But for my country let my fate atone,  
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.

Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves:  
Unwelcome life relenting Phoebus gives;  
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,  
With such amazing virtue durst engage,  
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,  
And from the wond'ring god th' unwilling youth re-  
tir'd.

Thence we these altars in his temple raise,  
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;  
These solemn feasts propitious Phoebus please:  
These honours, still renew'd, his antient wrath appease.

But say, illustrious guest, (rejoin'd the king),  
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?  
The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known  
Our neighbour prince, and heir of Calydon.  
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night  
And silent hours to various talk invite.

The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes,  
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:  
Before these altars how shall I proclaim  
(O gen'rous prince) my nation or my name,  
Or thro' what veins our antient blood has roll'd?  
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!  
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,  
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;  
Know then, from Cadmus I derive my race,  
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.

To whom the king (who felt his gen'rous breast  
 Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)  
 Replies:—Ah why forbears the son to name  
 His wretched father, known too well by fame!  
 Fame, that delights around the world to stray,  
 Scorns not to take our Argos in her way.  
 Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,  
 In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;  
 And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,  
 The faithless Syrtes, and the moving sands;  
 Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,  
 Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;  
 All these the woes of Oedipus have known,  
 Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.  
 If on the sons the parents crimes descend,  
 What prince from those his lineage can defend?  
 Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface  
 With virtuous acts, thy ancestor's disgrace,  
 And be thyself the honour of thy race.  
 But see! the stars begin to steal away,  
 And shine more faintly at approaching day;  
 Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays  
 Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.

Oh father Phoebus! whether Lycia's coast,  
 And snowy mountains, thy bright presence boast;  
 Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,  
 And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;  
 Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,  
 Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;  
 Or chuse thy seat in Ilion's prond abodes,  
 The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring gods:

By thee the bow and mortal shafts are born ;  
 Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn :  
 Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,  
 And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,  
 'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,  
 The change of sceptres, and impending woe ;  
 When direful meteors spread thro' glowing air  
 Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.  
 Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire  
 T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre ;  
 Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,  
 Th' immortal victim of thy mother's fame ;  
 Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost  
 Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast.  
 In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,  
 Condemn'd to furies and eternal fears ;  
 He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,  
 The mouldring rock that trembles from on high.

Propitious hear our pray'r, O pow'r divine !  
 And on thy hospitable Argos shine,  
 Whether the style of Titan please thee more,  
 Whose purple rays th' Achaemenes adore :  
 Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain  
 In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain ;  
 Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,  
 And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows ;  
 Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,  
 Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.



THE  
FABLE  
OF  
DRYOPÉ.

From the NINTH Book of  
OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

SHE said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,  
When the fair consort of her son replies.  
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,  
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own;  
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate  
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.  
No nymph of all Oechalia could compare,  
For beauteous form, with Dryope the fair,  
Her tender mother's only hope and pride,  
(Myself the offspring of a second bride.)  
This nymph, compress'd by him who rules the day,  
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,  
Andraemon lov'd: And, bless'd in all those charms  
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms.

A lake there was, with shelving banks around,  
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.

These shades, unknowing of the fates she sought,  
 And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought :  
 Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she press'd  
 Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.  
 Not distant far, a wat'ry lotos grows,  
 The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs,  
 Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie  
 In glowing colours with the Tyrian dye :  
 Of these she crop'd to please her infant son,  
 And I myself the same rash act had done :  
 But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood)  
 The violated blossoms drop with blood.  
 Upon the tree I cast a frightful look ;  
 The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.  
 Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)  
 As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,  
 Forsook her form ; and, fixing here, became  
 A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.  
 This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,  
 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight :  
 And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd,  
 And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd :  
 But when she backward would have fled, she found  
 Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground :  
 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,  
 And, as she struggles, only moves above ;  
 She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow  
 By quick degrees, and cover all below :  
 Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves  
 To rend her hair ; her hand is fill'd with leaves :  
 Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen  
 To rise, and shade her with a sudden green,

The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,  
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast,  
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd,  
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.  
I saw, unhappy ! what I now relate,  
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,  
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,  
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.

Behold Andraemon and th' unhappy fire  
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire ;  
A springing tree for Dryope they find,  
And print warm kisses on the panting rind.  
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,  
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.  
'The face was all that now remain'd of thee,  
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree ;  
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,  
From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear,  
And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,  
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains :

It to the wretched any faith be giv'n,  
I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,  
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred ;  
In mutual innocence our lives we led :  
If this be false, let these new greens decay,  
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,  
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.  
But from my branching arms this infant bear,  
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care :  
And to his mother let him oft be led,  
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed ;

Teach him, when his first infant voice shall frame  
Imperfect words, and list his mother's name,  
To hail this tree; and say with weeping eyes,  
Within this plant my hapless parent lies :  
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,  
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,  
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,  
Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.  
My sire, my sister, and my spouse farewell!  
If in your breasts or love, or pity dwell,  
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel  
The browsing cattle or the piercing steel.  
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join  
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.  
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,  
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.  
I can no more; the creeping rind invades  
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades :  
Remove your hands: The bark shall soon suffice  
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.

She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;  
And all the Nymph was lost within the tree;  
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,  
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.



# V E R T U M N U S

AND

## P O M O N A:

From the FOURTEENTH Book of

### OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

**T**HE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign ;  
Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train  
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,  
Of more improv'd the vegetable care.  
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,  
The streams and fountains, no delights could yield ;  
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,  
And see the boughs with happy burthens bend.  
'The hook she bore, instead of Cynthia's spear,  
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,  
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,  
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.  
Now the cleft rind inserted grasses receives,  
And yields an offspring more than nature gives ;  
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,  
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.

106 VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

These cares alone her virgin breast employ,  
 Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy,  
 Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,  
 To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.  
 How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,  
 Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,  
 The god whose ensign scares the birds of prey,  
 And old Silenus, youthful in decay,  
 Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,  
 To pass the fences, and surprise the fair?  
 Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,  
 Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.  
 To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears:  
 And first a reaper from the field appears,  
 Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain  
 O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.  
 Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,  
 And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temple shade:  
 Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,  
 Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.  
 Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,  
 And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.  
 Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,  
 He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.  
 A soldier now, he with his sword appears;  
 A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;  
 Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,  
 On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.  
 A female form at last Vertumnus wears,  
 With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,  
 His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;

Prop'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,  
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.  
The god in this decrepit form array'd,  
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;  
And "happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)

"Whose charms as far all other Nymphs out-shine,  
"As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"

Then kiss'd the fair; (his kisses warmer grow  
'Than such as women on their sex bestow.)

Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,  
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.

An elm was near, to whose embraces led,  
The curling vine her swelling clusters spread:  
He view'd her twining branches with delight,  
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing light.

Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)  
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;  
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround  
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.

Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move  
Your mind averſe from all the joys of love.

Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart ſubdue!  
What Nymph could e'er attract ſuch crowds as you?

Not ſhe whoſe beauty urg'd the Centaurs arms,  
Ulyſſes' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.

Ev'n now, when ſilent ſcorn is all they gain,  
A thouſand court you, tho' they court in vain,

A thouſand ſylvans, demigods, and gods,  
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.

But, if you'll proſper, mark what I adviſe,  
Whom age, and long experience render wiſe,

And one whose tender care is far above,  
 All that these lovers ever felt of love,  
 (Far more than e'er can by yourself be guess)  
 Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.  
 For his firm faith I dare engage my own ;  
 Scarce to himself, himself is better known.  
 To distant lands Vertumnus never roves ;  
 Like you, contented with his native groves ;  
 Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair ;  
 For you he lives ; and you alone shall share  
 His last affection, as his early care.  
 Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,  
 With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.  
 Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,  
 And tries all forms that may Pomona please.  
 But what should most excite a mutual flame,  
 Your rural cares, and pleasures are the same :  
 To him your orchard's early fruits are due,  
 (A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you)  
 He values these ; but yet (alas) complains,  
 That still the best and dearest gift remains.  
 Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows  
 With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows ;  
 Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,  
 Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies ;  
 You, only you, can move the god's desire :  
 Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire !  
 Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind ;  
 Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind !  
 So may no frost, when early buds appear,  
 Destroy the promise of the youthful year ;



Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,  
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!

This when the various god had urg'd in vain,  
He strait assum'd his native form again;  
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,  
As when thro' clouds th' emerging sun appears,  
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,  
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.  
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;  
For when, appearing in a form divine,  
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace  
Of charming features, and a youthful face!  
In her soft breast consenting passions move,  
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

VERBUNDE AND ROMONA

# IMITATIONS

## ENGLISH POETS

Done by the Author in his Youth  
The first edition contained many more  
The second edition is a revised one



WOMEN pen full  
Yet twicken hat  
Talk moral shall ve understand  
From School-boy Tale of Icare Island  
Which to the Fences hath him break  
To rich the gray Duke the the I take  
Right then, there fallen by the Way  
His Aunt, and she her Daughter-twain  
Duke in his Trowies hath he bent  
Not to be spied of Ladies gent  
But ho! our Nephew, (cricht one)  
Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;  
And heppen, and lough, and callen out —  
Till lily Clerk full low doth loat

# IMITATIONS

## OF

### ENGLISH POETS.

Done by the AUTHOR in his Youth.

#### I.

#### CHAUCER.

**W**OMEN ben full of Ragerie,  
Yet swinken nat fans secrecie.  
Thilke moral shall ye understond,  
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Ireland.:  
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,  
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.  
Right then, there passen by the Way  
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.  
Ducke in his Trowfes hath he hent,  
Not to be spied of Ladies gent.  
“But ho! our Nephew, (crieth one)  
“Ho! quoth another, Cozen John;”  
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—  
This silly Clerk full low doth lout:

They asken that, and talken this,  
 "Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss."  
 But, as he glozeth with speeches soote,  
 The Ducke fore tickleth his Erse roote :  
 Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,  
 Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.  
 Te-he, cry'd Ladies ; Clerke nought spake :  
 Miss star'd ; and gray Ducke cryeth Quake.  
 "O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)  
 "Be thilke same thing Maids longen a'ter ?  
 "Bette is to pine on coals and chalke,  
 "Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talke."

## II.

SPENSER.

## The ALLEY.

## I.

**I**N ev'ry Town where Thamis rolls his Tyde,  
 A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low ;  
 Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,  
 And many a Boat, soft sliding to and fro.  
 There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,  
 The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and Shiller Squall :  
 How can ye, Mothers, vex your children so ?  
 Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,  
 And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.



II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,  
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;  
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,  
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;  
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.  
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,  
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,  
Now singing shrill, and scolding east between;  
Scolds answer scold-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood  
I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy),  
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;  
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,  
Joint to the yelping treble shrilling cries;  
The scolding Queen to louder notes doth rise,  
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound:  
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;  
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round;  
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bafe are  
drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,  
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days  
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,  
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:  
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never  
cease.

Slander beside her, like a mag-pie, chatters,  
With Envy, (spitting cat), dread foe to peace;

Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,  
And, vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand;  
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall;  
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band;  
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all:  
Nay, ev'n the parts of shame by name would call;  
Yea, when she pass'd by or lane or nook,  
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall;  
And by his hand obscene the porter took:  
Nor ever did askance, like modest virgin, look.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,  
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;  
Such Lambeth, covey of each band and gown,  
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,  
Grotts, statues, urns, and Jo---n's dog and bitch.  
Ne village is without, on either side,  
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;  
Ne Richmond's self, from whole tall front are ey'd  
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's tow'ry  
pride.

III.

W A L L E R

Of a LADY singing to her LUTE.

F A I R charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize,  
A heart resign'd, the conquest of your eyes:

Well might, alas! that threat'ned vessel fail,  
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.  
We were too blest'd with these enchanting lays,  
Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays;  
But killing charms your lover's death consign'd,  
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.  
Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,  
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he;  
A poet made the silent wood pursue,  
This vocal wood had drawn the poet too.

On a FAN of the Author's design, in which  
was painted the story of CEPHALUS and  
PROCRIS, with the motto, AURA VENI.

COME, gentle air! th' Æolian shepherd said,  
While Procris panted in the secret shade:  
Come, gentle air, the fairer Delia cries,  
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.  
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,  
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!  
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,  
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:  
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;  
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.  
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,  
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:  
She views the story with attentive eyes;  
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

## IV

COWLEY.

## The GARDEN.

**F**AIN would my Muse the flow'ry treasure sing,  
 And humble glories of the youthful spring;  
 Where opening roses breathing sweets diffuse,  
 And soft carnations show'r their balmy dews;  
 Where lilies smile in virgin robes of white,  
 The thin undress of superficial light;  
 And vary'd tulips show so dazzling gay,  
 Blushing in bright diversities of day.  
 Each painted flowret in the lake below  
 Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;  
 And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain  
 Transformed, gazes on himself again.  
 Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,  
 And mount the hill in venerable rows;  
 There the green infants in their beds are laid,  
 The garden's hope, and its expected shade.  
 Here orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,  
 And vernal honours to their autumn join;  
 Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,  
 Yet in the rising blossom promise more.  
 There in bright drops the crystal fountains play,  
 By laurels shielded from the piercing day:  
 Where Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,  
 Still from Apollo vindicates her shade;



Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam,  
Nor sues in vain for succour to the stream ;  
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,  
At once a shelter from her boughs receives ;  
Where summer's beauty midst of winter stays,  
And winter's coolness spite of summer's rays.

WEEPING.

**W**HILE Celia's tears make sorrow bright,  
Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes :  
The sun, next those the fairest light,  
Thus from the ocean first did rise :  
And thus through mists we see the sun,  
Which else we durst not gaze upon.  
These silver drops, like morning dew,  
Foretell the fervour of the day :  
So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,  
And blasting lightnings burst away.  
The stars that fall from Celia's eye,  
Declare our doom in drawing nigh.  
The baby in that sunny sphere  
So like a Phaeton appears,  
That heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,  
Thought fit to drown him in her tears ;  
Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire,  
To set, like him, heav'n too on fire.

E. of ROCHESTER.

## On SILENCE.

I.

**SILENCE!** coeval with eternity:

Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,  
'Twas one vast nothing all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,  
Ere fruitful thought conceiv'd creation's birth,  
Or midwife-word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,  
In one more various animal combin'd,  
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy human kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,  
Till wrangling science taught it noise and show;  
And wicked wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel wit deserts thee oft in vain;  
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,  
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted sense thou kindly dost set free,  
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,  
And routed reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest dulness lies,  
And in thy bosom lurks in thought's disguise;  
Thou varnisher of fools, and cheat of all the wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confess'd;  
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast;  
And 'tis in thee at last that wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,  
The only honour of the wishing dame;  
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of fame.

But couldst thou seize some tongues that now are free?  
How church and state should be oblig'd to thee?  
At senate and at bar how welcome wouldst thou be?

XI.

Yet speech, ev'n there, submissively withdraws  
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:  
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,  
What fav'rites gain, and what the nation owes,  
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country-wit, religion of the town,  
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,  
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,  
Lord's quibble, critic's jest, all end in thee;  
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

## VI.

E. of DORSET.

## ARTEMISIA.

**T**HO' Artemisia talks, by fits,  
 Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;  
 Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke;  
 Yet in some things methinks she fails;  
 'Twere well if she would pair her nails,  
 And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-dutch bride,  
 Such nastiness and so much pride  
 Are oddly join'd by fate:  
 On her large squab you find her spread,  
 Like a fate corpse upon a bed,  
 That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)  
 On any part, except her face;  
 All white and black beside:  
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,  
 Her voice theatrically loud,  
 And masculine her stride.

So I have seen, in black and white,  
 A prattling thing, a magpye hight.



Majestically stalk ;  
A stately, worthless animal,  
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,  
All flutter, pride, and talk.

A P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,  
Open she was, and unconfin'd,  
Like some free port of trade :  
Merchants unloaded here their freight,  
And agents from each foreign state  
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,  
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,  
Spaniards or French came to her :  
To all obliging she'd appear :  
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yow Mynheer*,  
'Twas *S' il vous plait Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,  
Still changing names, religions, climes,  
At length she turns a bride :  
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,  
She shines the first of batter'd jades,  
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair,  
(Which curious Germans hold so rare),

Still varying shapes and dyes;  
 Still gain new titles with new forms;  
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,  
 Then painted butterflies.

## VIL.

Dr S W I F T.

The happy Life of a COUNTRY  
 PARSON.

**P**ARSON, these things in thy possessing  
 Are better than the bishop's blessing.  
 A wife that makes conserves; a steed,  
 That carries double when there's need;  
 October store, and best Virginia,  
 Tythe-pig, and mortuary guinea:  
 Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,  
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd:  
 A large concordance, bound long since;  
 Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;  
 A chronicle of antient standing;  
 A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.  
 The Polyglott,—three parts—my text—  
 Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next.  
 Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,  
 To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,  
 Drink with the squire, and kiss his wife;  
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;  
 And fast on Fridays----if he will;  
 Toast church and queen, explain the news,  
 Talk with church-wardens about pews;  
 Pray heartily for some new gift,  
 And shake his head at Doctor S----t.

The happy life of a country

Baron

Pray, now, these things in thy possessing  
 Are better than the bishop's blessing  
 A wife that makes connexes; a ficed,  
 That carries doubts when there's need;  
 October flowers, and half Virgins;  
 Tythe-pipe, and mortuary guinea;  
 Gardens that sink down, and stink;  
 For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;  
 A large concordance, bound long since;  
 Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;  
 A chronicle of ancient standing;  
 A Chrysostom to smooth thy hand in  
 The Polyglot;--three pairs--my text--  
 Howbeit,--likewise--now to my next.  
 To hear the scriptures;--and Paul,  
 To hear the whole,--the close of all.

# ENGLISH FORTS.

He that has the, may take his life;  
 Drink with the light, and kiss his wife;  
 On Sunday preach, and on his day;  
 And call on Friday—He will;  
 Tell church and gown, explain the news;  
 Tell with church-worship about now;  
 They hardly for some new gift,  
 And take his head at Doctor's—

# MISCELLANIES.



MISCELLANIES.



# EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, and EARL  
MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once lov'd poet wrote  
 Till death's last summons stop'd his tuneful voice  
 Oh! just behold, and let thy heart be mov'd  
 With softer manners, and more gentle voice  
 Bless'd in each science, in every virtue  
 Dear to the Muse, and dear to every heart  
 For him, thou oft had'st the world attend  
 Fought to forget the flatterer in the friend  
 For SWIFT and him, despis'd the rage of state  
 The sober follies of the wife and great  
 Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to please  
 And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to ease  
 Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear  
 (A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)  
 Recall those nights that clos'd thy restless days  
 Still hear thy Parrell in his living lays  
 Who, careless now of interest, fame, or fate  
 Perhaps forgets that OXFORD ever was great  
 Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call  
 Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall

# EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD, and Earl  
MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once lov'd poet sung,  
Till death untimely stop'd his tuneful tongue.  
Oh just beheld! and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!  
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!  
Bless'd in each science, bless'd in ev'ry strain!  
Dear to the Muse! to HARLEY dear---in vain!  
For him, thou oft had bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;  
For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and great;  
Dextrous the craving, fawning crowd to quit,  
And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.  
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,  
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear).  
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days;  
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays;  
Who, careless now of int'rest, fame, or fate,  
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;  
Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,  
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.

And sure, if aught below the seats divine  
 Can touch immortals, 'tis a soul like thine ;  
 A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,  
 Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,  
 The rage of pow'r, the blast of public breath,  
 The lust of lucre, and the dread of death.

In vain to deserts thy retreat is made ;  
 The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade ;  
 'Tis her's the brave man's latest steps to trace,  
 Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.  
 When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,  
 And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain ;  
 She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,  
 When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.  
 Ev'n now, she shades thy ev'ning walk with bays,  
 (No hireling she, no prostitute to praise) ;  
 Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,  
 Eyes the calm sun-set of thy various day ;  
 Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see ;  
 Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.



## E P I S T L E

T O

JAMES CRAGGS, Esq; Secretary  
of State.

A Soul as full of worth, as void of pride,  
Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide;  
Which nor to guilt nor fear its caution owes,  
And boasts a warmth that from no passion flows.  
A face untaught to feign; a judging eye,  
That darts severe upon a rising lye,  
And strikes a blush through frontless flattery.  
All this thou wert, and being this before,  
Know, kings and fortune cannot make thee more.  
Then scorn to gain a friend by servile ways,  
Nor wish to lose a foe these virtues raise;  
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,  
Proceed—a minister, but still a man.  
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)  
Asham'd of any friend, not even of me:  
The patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;  
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of you.

## E P I S T L E

To Mr J E R V A S,

With Mr Dryden's Translation of Fresnoy's  
Art of Painting.

**T**HIS verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse  
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse,  
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,  
Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;  
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,  
And from the canvas call the mimic face:  
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire  
Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire;  
And reading with, like theirs, our fate and fame,  
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;  
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,  
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of sister-arts we came,  
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;  
Like friendly colours found them both unite,  
And each from each contract new strength and light.  
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,  
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away?  
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,  
While images reflect from art to art?

How oft review ; each finding, like a friend,  
Something to blame, and something to commend !

What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,  
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought !  
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,  
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee, on Raphael's monument I mourn,  
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn :  
With thee repose where Tully once was laid,  
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade :  
While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
And builds imaginary Rome a-new.  
Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye ;  
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh :  
Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare,  
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,  
Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,  
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears  
This small, well-polish'd gem, the \* work of years ?  
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd  
The living image in the painter's breast ?  
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,  
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow ?  
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies  
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse ! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,  
Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead :

\* Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing  
his poem.

Call round her tomb each object of desire,  
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire :  
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,  
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife :  
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore ;  
Then view this marble, and be vain no more !

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage ;  
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.  
Beauty, frail flow'r, that ev'ry season fears,  
Blossoms in thy colours for a thousand years.  
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,  
And other beauties envy Worley's eyes ;  
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,  
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,  
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line ;  
New graces yearly like thy works display,  
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay ;  
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains ;  
And finish'd more through happiness than pains.  
The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,  
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.  
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,  
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face ;  
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll  
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul ;  
With Zeuxes' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,  
And these be sung till Granvill's Myra die :  
Alas ! how little from the grave we claim !  
Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name !



## E P I S T L E

To Miss BLOUNT,

With the Works of VOITURE.

**I**N these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,  
 And all the writer lives in ev'ry line;  
 His easy art may happy nature seem,  
 Trifles themselves are elegant in him.  
 Sure to charm all, was his peculiar fate,  
 Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great:  
 Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;  
 With wit well-natur'd, and with books well bred:  
 His heart, his mistress, and his friend did share,  
 His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair,  
 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,  
 Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;  
 Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress'd,  
 As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.  
 Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,  
 And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;  
 The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,  
 Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:  
 The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's death,  
 But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

Let the strict life of graver mortals be  
 A long, exact, and serious comedy;

In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,  
 And, if it can, at once both please and preach.  
 Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear,  
 And more diverting still than regular,  
 Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,  
 Though not too strictly bound to time and place :  
 Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please,  
 Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd,  
 Severe to all, but most to womankind ;  
 Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide ;  
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride ;  
 By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame ;  
 Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.  
 Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,  
 But sets up one, a greater in their place ;  
 Well might you wish for change by those accurst,  
 But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.  
 Still in constraint your suff'ring sex remains,  
 Or bound in formal, or in real chains :  
 Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,  
 The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.  
 Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,  
 For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife ;  
 Nor let false shews, nor empty titles please :  
 Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,  
 Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,  
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,  
 And, to compleat her blifs, a fool for mate.  
 She glares in balls, front-boxes, and the ring,  
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched thing !

Pride, pomp, and state but reach her outward part;  
She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart.

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you  
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too;  
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,  
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms:  
Good humour only teaches charms to last,  
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;  
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,  
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;  
As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,  
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;  
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,  
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus † Voiture's early care still shone the same,  
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name:  
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,  
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,  
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost:  
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,  
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.  
The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his muse;  
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;  
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride  
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

† Mademoiselle Paulet.

## E P I S T L E

To the Same.

On her leaving the Town after the CORONATION.

**A**S some fond virgin, whom her mother's care  
Drags from the town to wholesome country air;  
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;  
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,  
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:  
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,  
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;  
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,  
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.  
She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:  
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,  
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;  
To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,  
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,  
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;  
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;  
Up to her godly garret after seven,  
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.



Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack ;  
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack ;  
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,  
Then gives a smacking buff, and cries,—No words !  
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,  
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table ;  
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,  
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,  
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade ;  
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,  
See Coronations rise on ev'ry green ;  
Before you pass th' imaginary fights  
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,  
While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes :  
'Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.  
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,  
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls !

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,  
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)  
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,  
And while he seems to study, thinks of you ;  
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,  
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,  
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,  
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight ;  
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,  
Look sour, and hum a tune, as you may now.

THE  
BASSET-TABLE,

AN

E C L O G U E.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Basset Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;  
Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-Room!  
Rise, pensive Nymph, the *Tallier* waits for you :

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,  
I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.  
I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's chair,  
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,  
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains ?  
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.  
As you by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd ;  
One, one bad *Deal*, three *Septleva's* have lost.

## SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine ?  
 With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign :  
 Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone ;  
 Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

## CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care ;  
 And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare :  
 The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost : Oh ! who could  
 guess

This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress ?

## SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET ! very *a propos*,  
 She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know :  
 Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide ;  
 BETTY, who oft the pain of each has try'd ;  
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most  
 By *Card's ill usage*, or by *lovers lost*.

## LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs ; attentive will I stay,  
 Tho' time is precious, and I want some tea.

## CARDELIA.

Behold this *equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,  
 With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought,  
 See on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive ;  
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.  
 Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright face ;  
 A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.  
 Jove, Jove himself, does on the scizars shine ;  
 The metal, and the workmanship, divine !

## SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER'S  
love,

When rival beauties for the present strove;  
At *Corticelli's* he the raffle won;

Then first his passion was in public shown:

HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,

A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.

This *Snuff-box*,—on the hinge see brilliants shine:

This *Snuff-box* will I stake; the prize is mine.

## CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,

Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.

And Oh! what makes the disappointment hard,

'Twas my own Lord that drew the fatal card.

In complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave;

Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave*.

The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose;

And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

## SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,

The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart:

This curs'd *OMBRELLA*, this undoing Fair,

By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;

She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,

She owes to me the very charms she wears.

An awkward thing, when first she came to town;

Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:

She was my friend; I taught her first to spread

Upon her fallow cheeks enliv'ning red:

I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;

And by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her Stays.



Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,  
She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

## CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,  
When Winnal *tally'd* I would *punt* no more?  
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run:  
And see the folly, which I cannot shun.

## SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd?  
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?  
Yet his known falshoods could no warning prove:  
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

## CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,  
To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd!  
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent rank;  
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,  
Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;  
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:  
In bright confusion open *Rouleaus* lie,  
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.  
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;  
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein,  
Look upon *Basset*, you who reason boast;  
And see if Reason must not *there* be lost.

## SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,  
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?  
Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!  
When awful love seems melting in his eyes!  
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:  
*He loves*,---I whisper to myself, *He loves*!

Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,  
 I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;  
 My panting heart confesses all his charms,  
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms.  
 Think of that moment, you who prudence boast;  
 For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

## CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd bullies play,  
 Some *Dukes* at *Mary-Bone* bowl time away.  
 But who the bowl, or ratt'ling dice compares  
 To *Basset's* heav'nly joys, and pleasing cares?

## SMILINDA.

Soft *Simplicetta* doats upon a beau;  
 Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.  
 Their several graces in my *Sharper* meet;  
 Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

## LOVE T.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;  
 I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.  
 Attend, and yield to what I now decide;  
 The *Equipage* shall grace *Smilinda's* side:  
 The *Snuff-box* to *Cardelia* I decree.  
 Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

## Verbatim from B O I L E A U.

Un Jour dit un Auteur, &c.

ONCE (says our Author, where I need not say)  
 Two travellers found an oyster in their way ;  
 Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,  
 While scale in hand Dame *Justice* pass'd along.  
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,  
 Explain'd the matter and would win the cause.  
 Dame *Justice*, weighing long the doubtful right,  
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.  
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,  
 There take (says *Justice*) take ye each a *shell*.  
 We thrive at *Westminster* on Fools like you :  
 'Twas a fat Oyster—Live in peace---Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Question of Mrs Howe.

WHAT is PRUDERY ?  
 'Tis a Beldam,  
 Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.

'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.  
 'Tis, (no 'tis'nt) like Miss *Meadows*.  
 'Tis a virgin hard of feature,  
 Old, and void of all good nature ;  
 Lean and fretful ; would seem wise ;  
 Yet plays the fool before she dies.  
 'Tis an ugly envious shrew,  
 That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

Ocasioned by some Verses of his Grace  
 the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

**M**USE, 'tis enough : At length thy labour ends,  
 And thou shalt live, for Buckingham com-  
 mends.

Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,  
 Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail :  
 This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,  
 Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.  
 Sheffield approves, consenting Phoebus bends,  
 And I and Malice from this hour are friends.



## P R O L O G U E,

By Mr P O P E,

To a Play for Mr DENNIS's Benefit in 1733, when  
he was old, blind, and in great distress, a little be-  
fore his Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each campaign,  
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,  
Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!  
Wept by each friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry foe:  
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind,  
But pitied Belisarius old and blind?  
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?  
A common soldier, but who clubb'd his mite?  
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,  
When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies;  
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,  
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;  
A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce  
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:  
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,  
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!  
Stood up to dash each vain pretender's hope!  
Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the Pope!

If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,  
 Who holds dragons and wooden shoes in scorn;  
 If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;  
 If there's a senior, who contemns this age;  
 Let him to night his just assistance lend,  
 And be the critic's, *Briton's*, old-man's friend.

## M A C E R,

### A

## C H A R A C T E R.

**W**HEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,  
 First sought a poet's fortune in the town,  
 'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,  
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.  
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford,  
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.  
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,  
 And with a borrow'd play, out-did poor *Crown*.  
 There he stop'd short, nor since has writ a tittle;  
 But has the wit to make the most of little:  
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got  
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.  
 Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,  
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,  
 Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid:  
 Aukward and supple, each devoir to pay;  
 She flatters her good lady twice a day.  
 Thought wondrous honest, tho' of mean degree,  
 And strangely lik'd for her simplicity:  
 In a translated suit, then tries the town,  
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own:  
 But just endur'd the winter she began;  
 And in four months a batter'd harridan.  
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,  
 To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

### To Mr JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

**H**OW much, egregious Moore, are we  
 Deceiv'd by shews and forms!  
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,  
 All human kind are Worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,  
 Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!  
 A while he crawls upon the earth,  
 Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find  
 E'er since our grandame's evil;  
 She first convers'd with her own kind,  
 That antient worm, the Devil.

The learn'd themselves, we book-worms name;

The blockhead is a slow-worm;

The nymph whose tail is all on flame,

Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,

That flutter for a day;

First from a worm they take their rise,

And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an earwig grows;

Thus worms suit all conditions:

Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,

And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen

By all their winding play;

Their conscience is a worm within,

That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,

And greater gain would rise,

If thou could'st make the courtier void

The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of *Abchurch-lane*,

Who sett'st our entrails free;

Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,

Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only can'st adjourn

Some few short years, no more!

Ev'n *Butten's* wits to worms shall turn,

Who maggots were before.



SONG, by a Person of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

**F** Lutt'ring spread thy purple pinions,  
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart;  
I a slave in thy dominions;  
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,  
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,  
See my weary days consuming,  
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,  
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth:  
Him the Boar in silence creeping,  
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

*Cynthia*, tune harmonious numbers;  
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre;  
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:  
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of terrors,  
Arm'd in adamantine chains,  
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,  
Wat'ring soft *Elysian* plains.

## VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,  
 Gilding my *Aurelia's* brows,  
*Morpheus* hov'ring o'er my pillow,  
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

## VII.

Melancholy smooth *Maeander*,  
 Swiftly purling in a round,  
 On thy margin lovers wander,  
 With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

## VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,  
 Softly seeks her silent mate,  
 See the bird of *Juno* stooping ;  
 Melody resigns to fate.

## On a certain LADY at COURT.

**I** Know the thing that's most uncommon ;  
 (Envy be silent, and attend !)  
 I know a reasonable woman,  
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour,  
 Not grave thro' pride, nor gay thro' folly ;  
 An equal mixture of good humour,  
 And sensible soft melancholy.

“ Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir ?”

Yes, she has one, I must aver ;  
 When all the world conspires to praise her,  
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham,

COMPOSED OF

Marbles, Spars, Gems, Ores, and Minerals.

**T**HOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent  
wave

Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;

Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distill,

And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill;

Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,

And latent metals innocently glow :

Approach. Great Nature studiously behold !

And eye the mine without a wish for gold.

Approach : But awful ! Lo ! the Ægerian grott,

Where, nobly-pensive, St John fate and thought ;

Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,

And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's  
soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,

Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

## To Mrs M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY.

**O**H be thou blest with all that heav'n can send,  
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a  
friend :

Not with those toys the female world admire,  
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.  
With added years if life bring nothing new,  
But like a sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',  
Some joys still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,  
And all we gain, some sad reflection more ;  
Is that a birth-day ? 'tis alas ! too clear,  
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,  
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,  
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,  
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.  
Let day improve on day, and year on year,  
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear ;  
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,  
In some soft dream, or extasy of joy.  
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,  
And wake to raptures in a life to come.



## To Mr THOMAS SOUTHERN,

On his Birth-day, 1742.

**R**ESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,  
With not one sin, but poetry,  
This day To M's fair account has run  
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.  
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays  
A table, with a cloath of bays;  
And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,  
Presents her harp still to his fingers.  
The feast, his tow'ring genius marks  
In yonder wild goose and the larks!  
The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!  
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!  
Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,  
And grace, altho' a hard, devout.  
May To M, whom heav'n sent down to raise  
The price of prologues and of plays,  
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,  
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;  
Walk to his grave without reproach,  
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

# EPI T A P H S.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani

Munere!

VIRGO

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET.

In the Church of Withyam in Suffex.

**D**ORSET, the grace of courts, the Muse's pride,  
Patron of arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd  
The scourge of pride, tho' sanctified or great,  
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:  
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his lay;  
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.  
Blest satyrists! who touch'd the mean so true,  
As show'd vice had his hate and pity too.  
Blest courtier! who could King and country please,  
Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease.  
Blest Peer! his great forefathers ev'ry grace  
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;  
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,  
And patriots still, or poets deck the line.

## II.

### On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1716.

**A** Pleasing form ; a firm yet cautious mind ;  
 Sincere, tho' prudent ; constant, yet resign'd ;  
 Honour unchang'd, a principle profess'd,  
 Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest :  
 An honest courtier, yet a patriot too ;  
 Just to his prince, and to his country true :  
 Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth ;  
 A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth ;  
 A gen'rous faith, from superstition free ;  
 A love to peace, and hate of tyranny.  
 Such this man was ; who now from earth remov'd,  
 At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

## III.

### On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT ; at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

**T**O this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art ! draw near,  
 Here lies the friend most lov'd, the son most dear :

Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,  
Or gave his father grief, but when he dy'd.

How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!  
If Pope must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.  
Oh let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,  
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq;

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET

DELICIÆ :

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV,

OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,  
In action faithful, and in honour clear!  
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,  
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;  
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,  
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.



## V.

Intended for Mr R O W E,

In Westminster-Abbey.

**T**HY reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,  
 And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust :  
 Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,  
 To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.  
 Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest !  
 Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest !  
 One grateful woman to thy fame supplies  
 What a whole thankless land to his denies.

## VI.

On Mrs C O R B E T,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

**H**ERE rests a woman, good without pretence,  
 Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense :  
 No conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,  
 No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd ;  
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,  
 Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.  
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind,  
 So firm, yet soft ; so strong, yet so refin'd ;  
 Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd ;  
 The saint sustain'd it, but the woman dy'd.

## VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable  
 ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister  
 MARY, erected by their Father the  
 Lord DIGBY, in the Church of  
 Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

**G**O! fair example of untainted youth,  
 Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:  
 Compos'd in soft rings, and in joy sedate,  
 Good without noise, without pretension great.  
 Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,  
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:  
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,  
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:  
 Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine,  
 Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.

And thou, blest maid! attendant on his doom,  
 Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,  
 Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,  
 Not parted long; and now to part no more!  
 Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!  
 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,  
 And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:  
 These little rites, a stone, a verse receive;  
 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

## VIII.

## On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

**K**NELLER, by Heav'n and not a master taught,  
 Whose art was nature, and whose pictures  
 thought ;

Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate  
 Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,  
 Lies crown'd with princes honours, poets lays,  
 Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.

Living, great nature fear'd he might outvie  
 Her works : And, dying, fears herself may die.

## IX.

## On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

**H**ERE, Withers, rest ! thou bravest, gentlest  
 mind,

Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.

Oh born to arms ! O' worth in youth approv'd !

O soft humanity, in age belov'd !

For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,

And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.

Withers, adieu ! yet not with thee remove  
 Thy martial spirit, or thy social love !  
 Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,  
 Still leave some ancient virtues to our age :  
 Nor let us say, (those English glories gone)  
 The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

## X.

## ON MR ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted in Berks, 1730.

**T**HIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,  
 May truly say, Here lies an honest man :  
 A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,  
 Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great :  
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,  
 Content with science in the vale of peace.  
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here  
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear :  
 From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd ;  
 Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.



# EPITAPHS.

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## XI.

On Mr. GAY,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

**O**F manners gentle, of affections mild;  
 In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:  
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,  
 Form'd to delight at once and last the age:  
 Above temptation, in a low estate,  
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:  
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,  
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.  
 These are thy honours! not that here thy bust  
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;  
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,  
 Striking their pensive bosoms---Here lies Gay!

## XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur *Tempus, Natura, Coelum*:

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:  
 GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.

EPITAPHS.

XIII.

On Dr FRANCIS ATTERBURY,  
Bishop of Rochester;

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

DIALOGUE.

S H E.

**Y**ES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part !  
May Heav'n, dear Father ! now have all thy heart.

Yet ah ! how once we lov'd, remember still,  
Till you are dust like me.

H E.

Dear shade ! I will :

Then mix this dust with thine---O spotless ghost !

O more than fortune, friends, or country lost !

Is there on earth one care, one wish beside ?

Yes---*Save my Country, Heav'n,*

---He said, and dy'd.

XIV.

On EDMUND D. of BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

**I**F modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,  
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,  
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,  
Or add one patriot to a sinking state:  
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,  
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!  
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,  
The senate heard him, and his country lov'd.  
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame  
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:  
In whom a race, for courage fam'd, and art,  
Ends in the milder merit of the heart;  
And chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n  
Pay the last tribute of a saint to heav'n.

XV.

For one who would not be buried in  
Westminster-Abbey.

**H**EROES and KINGS! your distance keep,  
In peace let one poor poet sleep,  
Who never flatter'd folks like you:  
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

## Another, on the Same.

**U**NDER this marble, or under this fill,  
 Or under this turf, or e'en what they will :  
 Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,  
 Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,  
 Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin  
 What they said, or may say, of the mortal within !  
 But who, living and dying, serene still and free,  
 Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

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THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



